

# The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL S.A.

No. 252.—VOL. XX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½d.



MISS JULIE OPP (LATE HYMEN IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"), NOW MRS. ROBERT LORAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## THE MARRYING OF JULIE OPP.

When I opened my *Stage* on Thursday morning I was greatly surprised to read this intimation—

LORAIN—Opp.—On Thursday, Nov. 4, 1897, at the Registry Office of St. Giles, Robert Loraine, of London, to Julie Opp, of New York.

Not that there is anything surprising in the alliance itself; only I had not seen it announced or paragraphed—which is curious, for players, as a rule, do not hide their light under a bushel. As a matter of fact, however, the colleagues of the happy pair at the St. James's Theatre had been expecting the ceremony for a long time, but the outside public was not in the secret.

Miss Opp has been with us only a year or two, but she is known to all London playgoers as an exceedingly beautiful woman, and, furthermore, she has proved that she can act to some purpose. She comes of German stock naturalised in New York, where, I believe, she was born. She was educated at a convent, and began her career as a journalist. Then she came to "Europe," lived several months in Paris, and at last flashed upon London, where she met Mr. George Alexander, who offered her a place at the St. James's. She began to be talked about when she played the part of the wicked Antoinette de Mauban in the provinces, to the Rupert of Hentzau of Mr. Robert Loraine. The curious point about the pair is their extraordinary resemblance to one another, for though Miss Opp, who is nearly six feet in height, is taller than her youthful husband, they look almost like twins. And another curious point. Mr. Anthony Hope has just begun his continuation of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, under the title of "Rupert of Hentzau." Then, last of all, Miss Opp qualified for becoming Mrs. Loraine by appearing as Hymen in "As You Like It." In "The Princess and the Butterfly" she was excellent as the lady over whom Sir George Lamorant quarrelled to the point of a duel; and I thought she played the part of the Princess herself, during the absence of the other Julia—which is Neilson—with very great power indeed. She certainly looked the part from head to heel. Mr. Loraine, who played the part of Maxime Demaily, has also the gift of handsomeness. He is son of the veteran Mr. Henry Loraine, who was also in the original cast of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and who has been known to English playgoers for over half a century. Young Mr. Loraine played only a small part in "The Prisoner" to begin with, but later he figured as Rupert, and ultimately he was Rudolph Rassendyll himself. He is now appearing as Dick Beach in "The White Heather," at Drury Lane, where his father appeared before him long ago. I understand that Miss Opp has been secured to create the part of the Princess in Mr. Pinero's delightful fantasy at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, where her kith and kin should welcome her heartily.



MISS OPP AND MR. LORAIN AS MADAME DE MAUBAN AND RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

## TOM MOORE IN AMERICA.

The Irish Societies in America are just now making a great ado of the fact that the name of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, has been omitted from the roll of poets carved on the exterior of the new National Library at Washington. It was at first charged that he was thus discriminated against because he had written several nasty things about America and Americans in the verses for which he was responsible, but Bernard Green, who built the library building, and who has a tinge of Irish blood in his veins, says that this is not so, and that the name was left off because there was no room for it, and many other literary lights even more illustrious than Moore were left out for the same reason. That Tom Moore did say many mean things about America cannot be denied, but his lines are, notwithstanding, read and cherished on that side of the water, probably because he lived long enough to make a full and ample retraction of all his slanders. In his poem addressed to the Hon. W. R. Spencer he speaks thus disparagingly of the people of the United States—

All that creation's varying mass assumes  
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;  
Bright lakes expand and conquering rivers flow,  
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow;  
But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray  
This world's a wilderness and man's but clay;  
Mind, mind alone in barren still repose,  
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.  
Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all,  
From the rude wigwam to the Congress Hall—  
From man the savage—whether slaved or free—  
To man the civilised, less tame than he,  
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfebrile strife,  
Betwixt half-polished and half-barbarous life;  
Where every ill the ancient world could brew  
Is mixed with every grossness of the new,—  
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,  
And naught is known of luxury but vice.

When Tom Moore visited this city during the early part of the present century, he sojourned in a little cottage on the banks of the Schuylkill River, the beauties of which stream he referred to in several of his poems. For many years after it was abandoned by the poet, the little cot was known as the "Pig's Eye," a rather unpoetic name for a place once the home of the muse. This building is now within the confines of Fairmount Park, and at present it is occupied by one of the park labourers. It lends a very picturesque touch to the landscape.

The great changes that have taken place since the visit of the poet to America are no less striking elsewhere than on this spot. At that time his little cot was surrounded by a wilderness, the abode of merry warblers and wild-flowers. The Schuylkill flowed by in undisturbed tranquillity. It was a spot well calculated to tempt the poet from the noisy scenes of the town, and no less calculated to lend inspiration to the harp which has given such celebrity to his melodies. Now the shrill locomotive-whistle rends the air, and the whizzing trolley-car has invaded the woods where the poet once wandered.

## A ROSARY.

Make my songs a rosary;  
Wear them on a silver string;

On thy bosom each will be

A holy thing.

They will lie abashed and dumb—

Beads within thy fingers fair.

Tell them, and they will become

Each a prayer.

Their own words will die away

If thy "pater" thou repeat;

With thy lips they all will pray,

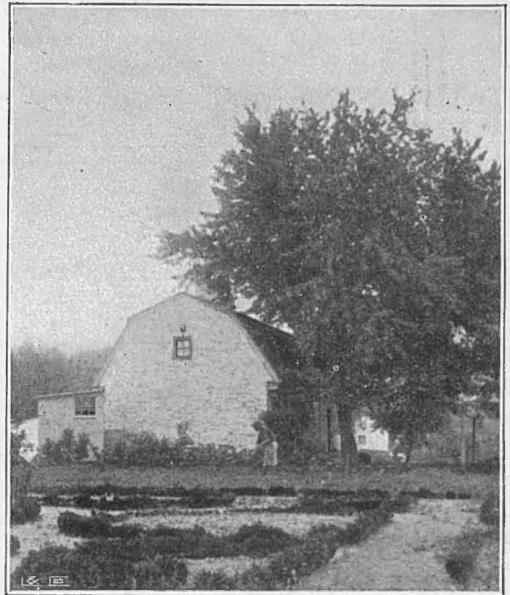
Lady sweet.

Saint of mine thou surely art.

All my love to thee belongs;

Hallow with thy holy heart

My poor songs. RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.



TOM MOORE'S COTTAGE.

## "THE SCARLET FEATHER."

When twelve young men, because the girl that they all love will not love any of them, form an illogical vow of celibacy one may be certain of trouble. The twelve young gentlemen who adopted a scarlet feather as badge of their celibate association went so far as to agree to forfeit lands and goods in the event of breaking the vow, and the penalty of trying to avoid the forfeiture was to be death—somewhat illegally effected. The expected happened. The band, like the once famous group of "Ten Little Niggers," steadily diminished; one after another married and paid the forfeit, until there were left but the Prince of Monaco and his bosom friend, San Carlo, both immensely rich owing to the forfeitures. Even these two—the poor sixteen and two-thirds per cent. of celibacy-swearers—did not escape; unlike the others, they had to eat their cake and have it, to enjoy the happiness, &c., of matrimony and retain their estates and those of the other Scarlet Feathers. They were not clever enough to combine, so the Prince married secretly Marie, a pretty actress, and she, to be near him, disguised herself as a page, and, calling herself Pippo to aid in carrying out the deception, took service at the Prince's Court.

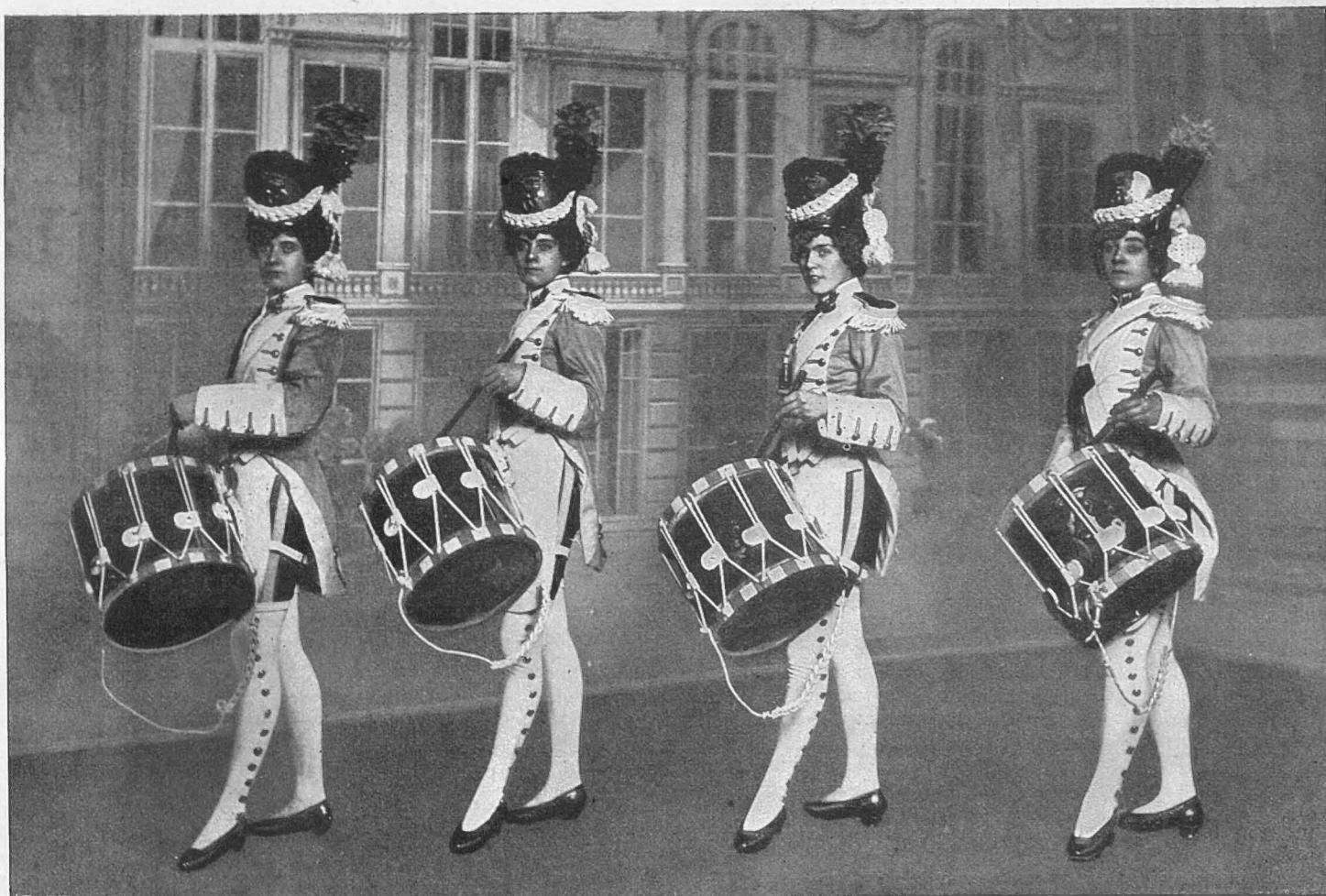
THE "SCARLET FEATHER" POSTER.  
Reproduced by permission of David Allen and Sons.

San Carlo, to carry out his scheme, left Court and feigned sickness; then in the town of Roquebrune he married pretty Renée, whose name was quite a shibboleth at the Shaftesbury. One of his witnesses was an eccentric American doctor called Alphonse. On the very day of San Carlo's wedding the Prince arrived, accompanied by Pippo, and promptly fell in love with the bride. What was to be done when he invited her to Court? Happy thought! Pretend that she is the doctor's wife, though he has already an elderly jealous spouse. The doctor accepts the position, the poor bride reluctantly consents, and any old, or even young, playgoer can guess what troubles arose at the Court of Monaco ere the

truth was known, and the two last of the band were compelled to dissolve their hapless corporation, retaining, however, by mutual consent the already forfeited estates and goods of the other poor corporators.

No doubt the groundwork of "La Petite Mariée," or "The Scarlet Feather," however strained, is quite good enough for comic opera; it only remains to be seen whether Mr. Harry Greenbank's version can be worked up by the liberal Australian manager into a success. At present you have a remarkable cast, a chorus of unusual excellence (including the daintiest set of drummers you could imagine), hundreds of pretty costumes, bright music by the popular composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," and also, alas! a little want of humour in the second act. With so much towards success that even on the first night there was hearty applause, it cannot be difficult to find the rest. Who can speak adequately of a cast containing the dainty Miss Decima Moore, the lively Miss Nellie Stewart, vivacious Miss Victor, an operatic celebrity such as Hedmondta, a quaint comedian like Mr. Seabrook, and such old favourites as Mr. Snazelle and Mr. Joseph Tapley?

It is now five years "come May" since Mr. Tapley deserted the land of his birth for the Antipodes, sailing, for what was then to be a short tour, in May 1893; but, as the Australians know a good thing when they see it, Mr. Tapley has been kept busy there ever since—indeed, it is doubtful if he would be here now were he not working under the banner of his colonial managers. Long before he left us he was one of the leading London tenors, and known as "that man of Mark—Tapley," and since he returned he has been seen in the revival of "Mamzelle Nitouche," at the Court Theatre, with Miss May Yohe in the title rôle. But not only is he a fine singer, trained in one of the best schools (his master was the late J. B. Welch), but he is also a wonderfully clever actor, and, had he not been endowed with a good voice, he would undoubtedly have drifted on to the comedy boards. When only a very small boy, he had a wonderful contralto voice, and may be said to have begun his professional career almost before he went to school, for he was in such request musically that he had little time for the "three R's." However, later on, he studied very hard, both scholastically and musically, and in 1880 won a scholarship at the Royal College of Music (then the National Training School for Music), and, as soon as he had graduated thence, quickly became known in the musical world. In 1888 he made a great "hit" in the leading rôle in "The Old Guard," at the Avenue Theatre, where his delightful singing of the "Angelus" had to be repeated twice and thrice for over four hundred nights. After this he was in "Nadgy," "Lancelot the Lovely," and Tito Mattei's "La Prima Donna," and then he migrated from Northumberland Avenue to Coventry Street, where he was the Wilfred in the Prince of Wales's production of "Marjorie," after which he was heard in "Captain Thérèse," before going to the Duke of York's for "The Wedding Eve." From there he journeyed out to the Princess's Theatre in Melbourne, where he made his first appearance as Sandford in "The Vicar of Bray," and he has been Messrs. Williamson and Musgrave's leading tenor ever since.



THE DRUMMERS IN "THE SCARLET FEATHER."  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## WHICH IS LORD LOVAT?

## ANOTHER "ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE."

The dull, monotonous Court of Session in Edinburgh has, once again, toyed with a "romance of the peerage." It has been weighing up the question—Who is Lord Lovat? The question is not new, by any means. In fact, the lawyers have made a pretty fat thing out of the ennobled Frasers for two hundred years. Like the Gordons, the Frasers, or Frisells, came from France; first settled on the Border of Scotland, and then migrated north to Aberdeenshire, where they are now represented by Lord Saltoun, and to Inverness-shire, where they became ennobled as the Lords of Lovat about 1460. The eleventh baron, Hugh, who died in 1696, left four daughters, but, despite the terms of his marriage contract, he bequeathed his lands to his granduncle, Thomas Fraser of Beaufort. Now, this Thomas died in 1699, and his son Simon became Lord Lovat.

Simon had an extraordinary career. In the December number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* you will find a true and particular account of his remarkably knavish life, illustrated by the quaintest old pictures you can imagine. Suffice it here to say that he was esteemed so great a scoundrel that his head was chopped off at the Tower in 1747, this being the last occasion when an execution took place there. His title, of course, had been forfeited, so that, though his three sons all served their country well, and though the eldest got back the estates, they went to their graves plain "Misters." In 1837, however, after a long litigation, Thomas

Fraser of Strichen—an estate in Aberdeenshire which was held in our own day by the late lamented Mr. Abington Baird, gentleman jockey—was created Lord Lovat in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and it is his grandson who now holds the title, to which he succeeded in 1887, the year of Jubilee, just as his grandfather had come into it in the year of Coronation.

That Simon Lord Lovat of "the '45" was a wicked old man nobody but himself has ever doubted; but the whole plea of Mr. John Fraser of Lovat Lodge, Harrington Square, whose claim to be the real Lord Lovat has just been set aside again, makes out Simon to have been a much greater traitor than anybody has imagined. It is over a century since the anonymous writer of a very pungent pamphlet indicted Simon for—

1. Disloyalty to a Prince

whose bread he ate and whose commission he bore. 2. Of robbery. 3. Of assaulting, imprisoning, and threatening to hang persons of quality. 4. Of a barbarous rape upon a noble lady. 5. Of forgery. 6. Of turning Papist, and 7. Of open rebellion. 8. Of repeated and continued treasons against the Queen and his country.

Mr. Fraser of Harrington Square has added a ninth count to the crimes of Simon—

9. He annexed the birthright of his elder brother Alexander.

The whole of his case hinges on this statement.

Now as for this Alexander. How could he have been defrauded of his rights? His story was as adventurous as his brother Simon's. One day he went to a wedding tricked out in all the gorgeousness of the Highlander on such occasions. A piper struck up the favourite march of a clan in mortal enmity with the Frasers, which so enraged Alexander that he drew his dirk and killed the piper on the spot. He immediately fled to Wales, becoming a lead-miner at Parys Mountain, Anglesey, owned by Sir Nicholas Bayley, the grandfather of the first Marquis of Anglesey. During his absence his younger brother Simon (the claimant goes on to argue), following the manner of Jacob, appropriated the title and the estates, knowing well that Alexander was alive. The latter is stated to have died in 1776, at the enormous age of a hundred and three! Simon, then, was never Lord Lovat, and the Crown, in depriving him of his title and estates as it did, was taking away that which he did not possess. Here is a fine chance for Mr. Gilbert. Alexander's descendants remained in Wales, where they lived until some years ago, earning from eight to ten shillings a week as miners. The descent from Alexander to the present claimant runs thus—

Alexander, died in 1776 at the age of 103, had four sons, the eldest of whom was John, who died in Anglesey in 1828, had two sons and a daughter. The eldest son was also

John, who died in 1857, leaving three sons and three daughters. The eldest son was

The present claimant, John Fraser of Harrington Square, who was born in 1825, married Catherine Williams, of Virgin, Anglesey, and has five sons and a daughter.

This is all very well—from Mr. Fraser's point of view. But Lord Lovat declares, first, that Simon's eldest brother died (unmarried) in 1689;

secondly, that the claimant's ancestor, the Welsh miner, was really Lord Simon's illegitimate son, not his brother. The House of Lords took this view when the case was opened up in 1884, and declined to dislodge the late Lord Lovat.

Mr. Fraser, however, raised the whole question again, and claimed the present Lord Lovat's intromissions with the estate since '87, or £120,000. Lord Low, in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, decided yesterday week to the same effect. He based his decision on the fact that Lord Lovat had produced a good descriptive title by prescription, and that it was incompetent to go behind it and inquire into the origin and previous history of the title. Lord Low also decided that the estates were not an appanage to the title, and, last of all, he held that the House of Lords had settled the matter once and for all. Thus Mr. John Fraser of Harrington Square remains Mr. John Fraser of Harrington Square, although it is understood that the First Division of the Inner House of the Court will be asked to reconsider Lord Low's point of view. Even, however, if Mr. Fraser were to win his case, Lord Lovat would still be Lord Lovat, holding the peerage of the United Kingdom which was conferred upon his grandfather at the Coronation, while Mr. Fraser would hold the Scotch title. It may also be noted that about 1845 the Rev. Alexander Garden Fraser, of New York, put in a claim to the title as the descendant of John, the younger brother of the notorious Simon.



MR. J. FRASER, CLAIMANT TO THE PEERAGE.  
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



THE NOTORIOUS SIMON LORD LOVAT, WHO WAS BEHEADED AT THE TOWER.



THE PRESENT LORD LOVAT.  
Photo by White, Inverness.

Seeing that Simon had thirteen brothers and sisters, the claims to this peerage seem to be a matter of permutation and combination.

Lord Lovat, who attains his twenty-sixth birthday tomorrow, succeeded his father at the age of sixteen, when he was studying at Fort Augustus Abbey—for his family are devoted Roman Catholics. For a time he was in the Cameron Highlanders, and then entered the 1st Life Guards. His seat, Beaufort Castle, is built on the site of Castle Dounie, the old family mansion which Cumberland's troops destroyed after Culloden, when the wicked Simon had left it to start on his adventurous flight, which the *English Illustrated Magazine* describes at full length. Beaufort Castle

was finished only fifteen years ago, and is built in the Scottish baronial style, of the old red sandstone which Hugh Miller described. It is 300 feet long, with an average width of 80 feet, and its central tower is 100 feet high. The castle is a landmark not merely in history, but in the fine scenery in which it stands.

J. M. B.

## CHATTO &amp; WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

## MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK.

JUST READY, Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

## MORE TRAMPS ABROAD.

By MARK TWAIN.

NOW READY, Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.

## THIS LITTLE WORLD.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat."

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.

## BY THE RISE OF THE RIVER.

By AUSTIN CLARE, Author of "For the Love of a Lass," &amp;c.

## THE EXPRESS MESSENGER,

AND OTHER TALES OF THE RAIL.

By CY WARMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

## THREE PARTNERS; or, The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill.

By BRETT HARTE. With 8 Illustrations by J. G. Gillich. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

"Three Partners' has all the old fascination and humour which have so often delighted us in the past."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

## THE DRAM-SHOP (L'ASSOMMOIR).

By EMILE ZOLA. Authorised Version. With an Introduction by ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A realistic story, which for intensity of interest has never been surpassed."—PEOPLE.

## THE WITCH-WIFE.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "The Macdonald Lass," &amp;c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Miss Tytler has not given us a novel for some time, and we are glad to have one from her in 'The Witch-Wife,' which is worthy of her former works, though not like them."—WORLD.

## TALES FROM THE VELD.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE, Author of "The Golden Rock," &amp;c. With 12 Illustrations by M. Nisbet. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The many new stories in the present collection are equally weird, strange, and impressive. . . Uncle Abe may be credited with the gift of imagination, and this certainly gives to these tales a peculiarly strong fascination."—DAILY MAIL.

## THE THREE DISGRACES, &amp;c.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P., Author of "Dear Lady Disdain." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Justin McCarthy's fiction is always welcome. There is such a world of good humour about it, he sees things through such a benevolent glass, that his books are soothing as a good cigar or a harmless narcotic. . . Old-fashioned he certainly is, but in the fashion that made much of the greatest fiction of the century."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION (Constituent Assembly, 1789-91).

By JUSTIN HUNTINGTON McCARTHY. Vols. III. and IV. (completing the Work). Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. each.

"In these two volumes it may safely be said there is not a dull page."—SCOTSMAN.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Now Ready.

THE

## ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

For DECEMBER

## A Beautiful Christmas Double Number,

CONTAINING

## TWO COLOURED PICTURES.

How the Queen Spends Christmas.

## ELLEN TERRY: A Biographical Study,

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS.

## STORIES AND ARTICLES

BY

S. BARING-GOULD,  
BARRY PAIN,  
W. PETT RIDGE,  
MORLEY ROBERTS,ROBERT HICHENS,  
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,  
A. E. W. MASON,  
NORA HOPPER.

AND MANY OTHERS.

WITH

## NUMEROUS BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## LEADING FEATURES IN

## CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## DECEMBER,

PRICE 6d.,

## Commencing the New Volume.

1. A thrilling Serial Story on KLONDYKE, by HEADON HILL, entitled "Spectre Gold."
2. The First of a New Series of Short Stories of Adventure by MAX PEMBERTON, entitled "Judith of Sari."
3. A SPECIAL PLATE, consisting of an exquisite reproduction of the stirring Picture by ERNEST CROFTS, R.A., entitled "The Attack on the Gatehouse of the Château of Hougoumont—Waterloo."
4. In the World of Society.—The Young Married Women. By Mrs. F. HAROUR WILLIAMSON. With numerous Portraits.
5. Capitals at Play: St. Petersburg. By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON. Illustrated from Photographs.
6. The Art of Disguise. By W. B. ROBERTSON. Illustrated by Original Photographs.
7. Camphor: A Tale of the City. By BARRY PAIN. Illustrated.
8. Swords and their Makers. By JAMES STRANG. Illustrated.
9. An Amazing Christmas Eve. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. Illustrated.
10. Fires at Sea. By ALFRED T. STORY. Illustrated.
11. From a Club Window. By L. F. AUSTIN.
12. What it Feels Like to be Shipwrecked. By ARNOLD WHITE. Illustrated.
13. The Greatest Love. A Complete Story. By EDWARD H. COOPER. Illustrated.
14. Women's Clubs in London. With Photographic Views and Portraits. By LEILY BINGEN.
15. The Sensible Man. A Complete Story. By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH. Illustrated.
16. "In the Arena." With Numerous Portraits.

On page 1 of the cover of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for December appears the first of Two Coupons entitling the subscriber, for the sum of One Shilling, to a copy of

## A Facsimile of the MS. of DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Up to the present time a few Copies only of this literary curiosity have been issued to the public, at a charge of Half-a-Guinea a Copy.

CASSELL &amp; COMPANY, Ltd., London; and all Booksellers.

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per Annum can be entered at any date.

The Best and most Popular Books of the Season are now in Circulation.

Prospectuses of Terms Free on Application.

## BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT:

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always on Sale (Secondhand).

Also a Large Selection of Books in Leather Bindings suitable for Birthday and Wedding Presents.

## BOOKS EXPORTED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET; 241, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.;  
48, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; and at 10-12, BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

## NEW NOVEL TO ASK FOR AT THE LIBRARIES.

## DUST O' GLAMOUR.

By H. SIDNEY WARWICK.

A NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.

Just Published, crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

"Mr. Warwick has stuff in him."—ACADEMY.

Bristol: J. W. ARROWSMITH.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO., Limited.

Eighth Edition, Revised. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

## THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R.Coll.Phys., Lond., &amp;c.

CONTENTS: Part I.—What Constitutes Robust Health? Dangerous Conditions due to Corpulence; Weak Heart and Congestive Diseases of the Corpulent—Diet: the only Safe and Permanent Cure—Diet: Safe at any Age—Quack Medicines, Drugs and Purgatives, permanently injurious or Fatal for this Purpose—Foods of Energy, and of Heat: their Use and ultimate Elimination—Errors of Diet: Evils consequent on Food in its Relation to Work—Stimulants and Liquids in Obesity. Part II. Dietetics of Obesity.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on corpulence that has ever been written."—LADY.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

This week we give as a Special Supplement a full account of the Stanley Show.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Nov. 24, 4.46; Thursday, 4.45; Friday, 4.44; Saturday, 4.42; Sunday, 4.40; Monday, 4.39; Tuesday, 4.38.

Every bicycle enthusiast worthy of the name is talking about the Stanley Show, and country cousins not yet in town are smartening themselves up in order to demonstrate they "know a thing or two" when they begin to saunter about the Agricultural Hall and ogle the fastest and most attractive machines now displayed there for public inspection. Several bicycles and tricycles of eccentric design are on view, and the multicycle, licensed to carry ten outside, is an object of interest as well as an *objet d'art*.

I happened to be ensconced in the cosy hotbed of Conservatism known as the Primrose Club, a night or two ago, consuming one of the club's guinea cheroots, when I accidentally overheard two members discussing in loud tones the subject of cycling in London. Said one, "Many a good man over the stiffest part of Leicestershire would shy at the idea of cycling down Piccadilly or Cheapside at midday, or, indeed, at any time of day during business hours." "True," replied the other, "and it is just as well for traffic and pedestrians alike that so many people do shy at the thought of cycling in London, but the fact remains that a man who shrinks from doing that which a woman is not afraid to perform can be described only as 'a funker.'" And with those words the speakers sought their hats.

Of course, the latter statement sounds logical enough, but how many women cyclists, I ask you, are aware of the risk they run either when they ride across country or when they slither on their bicycles in and out of traffic on a greasy wood pavement? Certainly the recklessness that comes of ignorance should not be called courage, any more than the woman who rides fearlessly and without judgment must necessarily be considered a fine horsewoman or an expert cyclist. Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but ignorance as certainly conceals many defects.

A certain individual has evidently been "going the pace," for he advertises that he will "sacrifice splendid bicycle for provisions or anything useful." Assuredly this ill-starred cyclist must be in a bad way, and deserving of a Mansion House fund at the least. Cannot some opulent wheelman or wheelmen assist him? I read of a man a day or two ago who wished to exchange "an auto-harp for a polyphone," but when an individual offers to barter his bicycle for a "dying crust," it is time he should be taken in hand by the practical philanthropist of no fixed abode.

A correspondent writes to draw my attention to the fact that bicycles were in use in the age of the "Comedy of Errors," wherein Dromio of Syracuse addresses Adriana as follows—

"A chain, a chain—do you not hear it?"  
"What, the chain?"  
"No, no; the bell."

Presumably the Protean gear was common in those days.

A contemporary tells us that New Zealand is a paradise for cyclists. The climate is just what one wants—neither too hot nor too cold, while the roads are as smooth as race-tracks, and the scenery is superb. This is delightful news, and the prospect is tempting in the extreme; but, as New Zealand is situated somewhere about the Antipodes, I should be glad if someone would tell me of a paradise a little nearer home.

By-the-bye, what is this we hear about the streets of Paris being painted with luminous paint for the benefit of cyclists—at least, if it isn't the streets, the palings or the curb-stones, or something that cyclists are supposed to run against? A generous proposal, but think of the weird effect of these lines of pale phosphoric light! We shall hear next that the Municipality are requiring all bicycles to be painted with luminous paint for the benefit of pedestrians!

That cyclists occasionally have right on their side even in the eyes of the administrators of the law is proved by a good crop of decisions in their favour. Lady Yarborough and two gentlemen were cycling the other day in Lincolnshire, when a man drove his cart towards them on the wrong side of the road. They requested him to make way; but instead of doing so, he made use of impolite language. The case came before the Grimsby magistrates, who fined the unobliging carter fifteen shillings. Another similar case was tried in the Stafford County Court. Last July a lady riding her bicycle along a road met a timber-waggon on the wrong side of the road. The lady in attempting to pass on her right side collided with the front wheel of the waggon, and considerable damage resulted to the bicycle. She put in a claim for £4 10s., and Judge Jordan, considering that she had proved her case, gave judgment for the amount claimed. These two instances show that the right of cyclists to the road is fully recognised, and that the drivers of vehicles are no longer permitted to be a law unto themselves.

We have heard of many and weird diseases attributed to the cycle, but surely the funniest outcry against the wheel is that it ruins dancing! Yet such is the distressing discovery made by the correspondent of a contemporary. He (or is it she?) can no longer glide across the ball-room with the supple grace of yore, and accounts for this want of customary elasticity by the amount of cycling exercise that has been indulged in throughout the summer. If this should prove the general

experience, no doubt the waltz is doomed, and its place in the English ball-room will be taken by some more romping dance—say, a Scotch reel, for choice.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells regards cycling as a successful temperance reformer. He has never met a drunken cyclist. This is not surprising, for probably the drunken cyclist, if such there be, was reclining in a ditch, with the remains of his machine on the top of him, or he was wise enough not to attempt to ride until he was sure of maintaining his equilibrium.

During the past week my equilibrium has been upset by a cow, and though from a dietetic point of view I admit the usefulness, and even indispensability, of the cow, from a cycling point of view I consider her an unmitigated nuisance. What I particularly object to is her stupidity, her lamentable absence of consideration for other passengers on the Queen's highway. I was riding quietly and slowly past a drove of cows, keeping carefully and politely to my own side of the road, and allowing them ample space for any reasonable amount of bovine manœuvres, when one of their number, without any provocation, from "pure cussedness," backed into my machine and upset me. I have not yet got over that fall: I am still bruised and aching; but my sorest point is that the cow was no worse! However, I have learned this lesson, never to trust a cow; she has no sense of politeness, and her manners are shocking.

## HAY MARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30,  
THE LITTLE MINISTER.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15,  
THE SILVER KEY, by Sydney Grundy.  
And at 10.15 KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.  
Mr. Tree, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mrs. Tree, Miss Evelyn Millard, &c.  
SATURDAY NEXT, Nov. 27, A MAN'S SHADOW. Seats booked from 2s.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG  
and MONTE CRISTO.  
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, DONNYBROOK  
and THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.  
Exceptional Variety Programme.

ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA, the English Trouville.—THE SACKVILLE,  
the only hotel on De La Warr Estate (East Front), adjoining Kursaal.  
Cycling Boulevard and Golf Links.  
Highest class Hotel without extravagant charges.  
Tariff on application to Manager.CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.  
In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.  
Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.  
English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.  
The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think  
that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary,  
their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and  
£15 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to  
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.SPA WINTER SEASON.—Mild Climate and only twelve hours  
from London. Casino open as usual with Concerts, &c. Excellent sport, Tobogganing,  
Hunting. High-class hotels at greatly reduced inclusive tariff. Finest iron baths in Europe.  
Sure cure for Anæmia and Weakness. For all particulars address  
JULES CREHAY, Sec., Casino, Spa, Belgium.LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN,  
DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria ... ...	dep. 10 0 a.m. ...	9 45 p.m.	Paris ... ...	dep. 10 0 a.m. ...	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ...	" 10 0 ...	9 55 "	London Bridge arr. 7 0 p.m. ...	7 40 a.m.	
Paris ... ...	arr. 7 0 p.m. ...	7 45 a.m.	Victoria ... ...	" 7 0 ...	7 50 "

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

## SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—

TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., Pullman Car.  
EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s., or Pullman Car, 12s.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to TUESDAY. Fares, 12s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

TO EASTBOURNE.—EVERY SUNDAY Cheap Day Tickets from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-Day.

FROM VICTORIA—10.5 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., 3.26 p.m. (4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only), and 9.45 p.m.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—10.5 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., 5.5 p.m. and 9.55 p.m.

CHEAP TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday by certain trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 14s., 10s. 6d., 8s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 14s., 9s., 7s., 6s.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of availability of all above Cheap Tickets, see Time Books and Handbills.

London Bridge Terminus. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## SMALL TALK.

We have heard lately much of record reigns, record sailing, ravelling, cycling, a few days ago of the record shooting of the German Emperor, who killed in one day 1224 pheasants in Silesia; and now there is little doubt we have got a record speech—at least, as far as the duration of it is regarded. There is a great struggle going on in the Austrian Parliament in Vienna. The parties may be divided principally, like here, into Conservatives and Liberals, only that the former represent the Clericals, Anti-Semites, and Czechs, the latter the Germans with progressive proclivities. The coalition of the former has placed the Liberals in a large minority, but intellectually they are, no doubt, by far the stronger party of the two. The speech was made a few weeks ago in the Austrian Parliament by the German representative of Brunn, in Moravia, Dr. Otto Lecher. He began at nine o'clock at night precisely, and spoke to a full house without once sitting down or stopping, except to take a sip of black coffee, till nine o'clock in the morning, just twelve hours. It is reported that his speech was throughout in the best form, and without repetitions.

Inspired thereunto by a certain section of the ever-growing mass of Napoleonic literature, Dr. Cabanès, the editor of a French fortnightly periodical, *La Chronique Médicale*, has bethought himself of reprinting the formerly well-known, much-discussed, and most interesting "Letters from St. Helena," by Dr. William Warden, who was surgeon on board H.M.S. *Northumberland*, and saw much of the fallen Emperor during the voyage out and the first few months of his life on the island chosen as the place of his banishment. Dr. Cabanès has plainly come with zest to his work of translation from Dr. Warden's book, and he has been able to give biographical particulars concerning the author from material supplied by the latter's grandson, Mr. Charles John Warden.

For instance, there is more than passing interest in such details as these. William Warden, born at Alyth, at the foot of the Grampian Hills, came of a clan whose seat was on the borders of the Highlands and Lowlands. The family were staunch Jacobites, some of them, indeed, having been "out in the '45," and his mother, born, I should note, at Kirriemuir, the Thrums of Mr. Barrie, was christened Charles Edward, after the Young Pretender himself, a name reproduced in her female descendants as Charlotte. William Warden was first educated at Montrose, where he numbered among his fellow-students the afterwards famous Joseph Hume, and took degrees both at Edinburgh and at St. Andrews. In his youth he was present during the Mutiny at the Nore, and he owed his surgeonship on the *Northumberland* to the fact of his having served under Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn during the American War of 1812-1815. It was he who acquired as gifts from the exiled Bonaparte that unique collection of Napoleonic reliques which I described in these columns some time ago, and which are reverently preserved as heirlooms in the Warden family. His wife's uncle, Captain John Hutt, R.N., was mortally wounded in Lord Howe's memorable engagement on "the glorious First of June," and is honoured with a monument in Westminster Abbey.

The "renter," the *bête noire* of many a Drury Lane manager, has been finally extinguished, and the National Theatre is a free house. Those curious old debentures, with their

Messrs. Ransom, of Pall Mall, will no longer have to hand over to the owners that fifteenpence for every performance (or so much of it as the management could afford) which for some three-quarters of a century has been paid. But these interesting documents will, I understand, be returned, when cancelled, to the holders, and will doubtless be preserved by them as mementoes of a historic house. Originally, I believe that there existed six hundred and thirty-five perpetual free admissions or renters' tickets. These were a legacy to his successors of the unscrupulous and brilliant Sheridan, and they must have often told disastrously upon the straitened managements of bygone times. The original renters, or "old renters," as they were called, date back a century or more, and their debentures carried rights of free admission with a sum of two shillings and sixpence for each performance. The "new renters," those just extinguished, came into being in 1821 or 1822, and their rights—one shilling and threepence a performance and free admission—were for seventy-five years, the term of the ground lease then granted by the landlord. This was the period when Elliston was making many improvements in the house which the energy of Samuel Whitbread raised on the ruins of that destroyed by fire in 1809. It is interesting to recall that Sheridan applied for the management of this new "Old Drury," and was refused by the directors.

The Great Western Railway wisely encourages its staff to study ambulance work. To those who pass three examinations a bronze medallion is presented. Those who pass the first and second examinations receive the St. John's Ambulance Association's certificate; after the first examination is passed the company gives a large medallion to the "uniform" staff, and the small one (reproduced here) to the clerical staff. An interesting presentation of awards was made yesterday week by the Princess Christian. The association was founded in 1888, since which time 3714 certificates and other awards had been obtained by members of the Great Western staff. On the present occasion 22 medallions, 35 vouchers, and 224 certificates were presented. Her Royal Highness had recently granted 634 certificates to successful candidates on other parts of the Great Western Railway. New classes were at present under instruction and in process of formation, which brought up the total for the year to over one thousand. There were also 300 members who had successfully passed the second and third examinations. The fact that the Princess has become president of the Great Western Railway centre has produced a stimulating effect, and is much appreciated by the company's staff.

It was really too bad of the astronomers or the newspapers, or an injudicious combination of both these authorities, to lure us by columns of information, and by charts and diagrams, to spend those hours during which we should have been preparing for the Sabbath in star-gazing, or rather, to be correct, in gazing for stars that were never destined to appear. I well remember the magnificent display of meteors or Leonids that took place in the November of 1866, and hopes of a similar spectacle induced me to sit up on the evening of the 13th inst. till a most shocking hour. The early part of the night was clear, with a brilliant, perhaps too brilliant, moon, but at midnight the whole sky was covered with clouds; these, however, cleared off, and at one o'clock the sky was almost clear again. Now for the display, I fondly imagined, studying the chart provided by my *Daily Graphic* for the dozenth time. But, alas! though I stared hard into the night till 2 a.m., I saw but one solitary Leonid! This luminary, I may add, hurried in a shamefaced manner across the heavens at ten minutes past one. Better luck next year!

At last the new farthings, of which I have written on more than one occasion in these columns, have been issued, and now we should hear no more the wail of the injured innocent who has been induced to believe this least in value of all our coins was a half-sovereign. Even in the old days a bright farthing could hardly have borne the test of a very shrewd examination, for not only is it a considerably larger coin than the half-sovereign, but the design of the reverse is entirely different. The brightness was, I fancy, the principal cause of mistake. This deceptive brightness has now been dimmed by order of the authorities, and the new farthing appears more niggerly than a nigger minstrel, for not only the head, but the tail, has been judiciously blacked (or bronzed) at the Mint. In other respects the farthing beloved by ladies and linendrapers remains as of yore.

*Phil May's Winter Annual* is amusing, for the artist is never dull; but it is not so good as usual. It is a pity Mr. May does not get better letterpress.



DR. OTTO LECHER WHEN HE BEGAN SPEAKING AT NINE P.M.



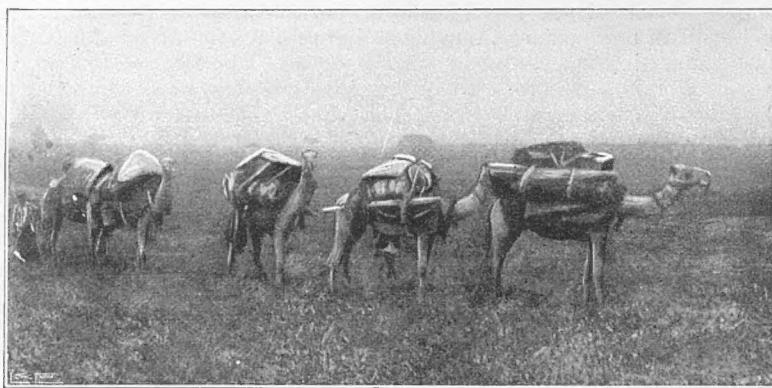
DR. LECHER WHEN HE ENDED HIS SPEECH AT NINE A.M.

many endorsements or discharges, dirty parchments which I described some years ago in these columns, will now, with the exception of some two or three that are missing and may yet be presented, cease to have any commercial value, and the bankers, who, if I remember rightly, were



AMBULANCE BADGES FOR THE G.W.R. STAFF.

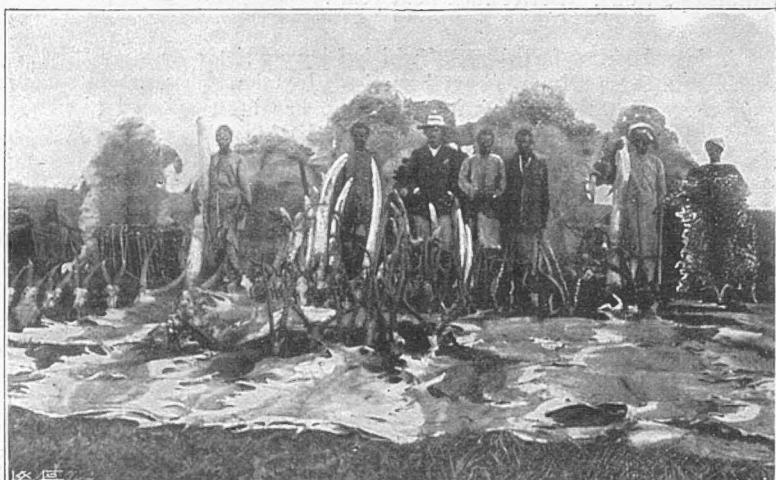
Two young Englishmen have been exploring British East Africa to some purpose in an expedition which has proved of unusual interest and fraught with many dangers. On the morning of Aug. 4 there arrived in Kikuyu a caravan consisting of 90 Somalis, 102 camels,



A CAMEL CARAVAN IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

35 donkeys, 40 sheep, 30 cattle, 8 ponies, 2 mules, and various specimens of wild animals, among the last-named being two lion cubs, male and female. On Sept. 5, 1896, this caravan, headed by the two young Englishmen, left Berbera, on the Somali coast, with the object of exploring and collecting heads of antelope, and the like. Despite great opposition from the Turkana natives, these two sportsmen were successful in exploring the hitherto unknown west side of Lake Rudolph, at the same time discovering a new lake, about thirty miles long, lying due south between Lake Rudolph and Lake Baringo, also an active volcano just north of the new lake. While in the Turkana country, not only had they to contend against the opposition of the natives, but matters were rendered still worse by the mean, treacherous conduct of the Somalis. At each difficulty that presented itself, these men refused to lend a helping hand until some exorbitant sum of money had been promised them, while many an evening the Englishmen dared not risk falling asleep in their tents for fear of an attack upon their lives; indeed, on one occasion, four of the guard outside a tent were brutally murdered.

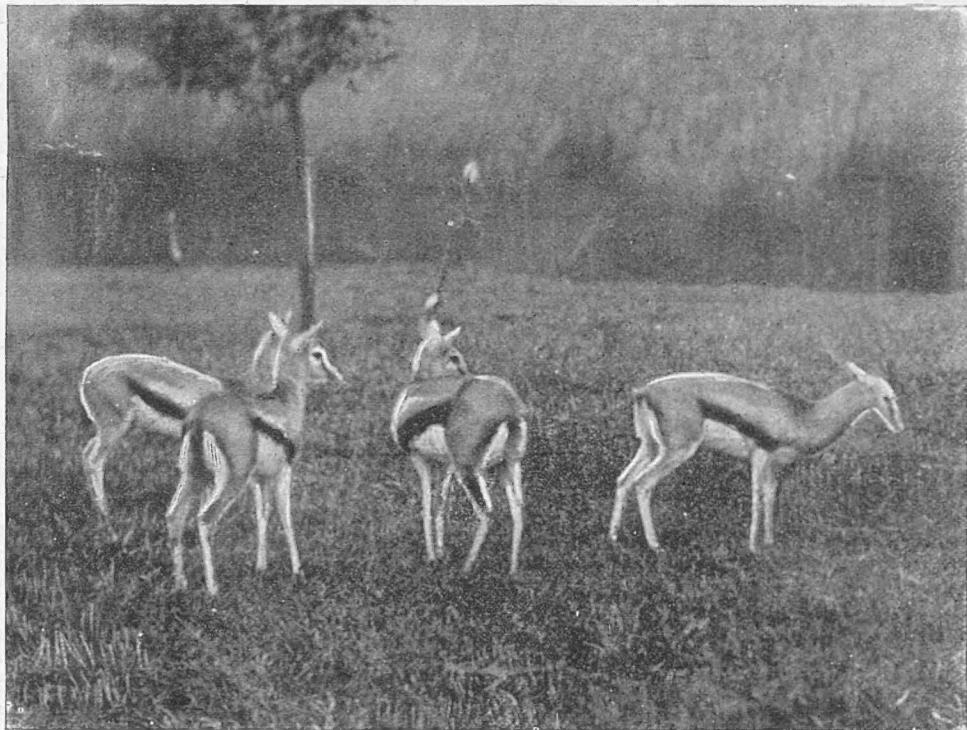
In pleasant contrast to the conduct of the Turkana natives was the reception they got from the Boran tribe, a rich and hospitable people who proved most friendly, and who had already formed a good impression of Englishmen from their intercourse with Dr. Donaldson Smith, the first white man to go among them. Great was the amazement of the Somalis, when the expedition arrived at the Eldoma Ravine, to find in charge there European officers with full power to punish them according to their deserts. After this the progress of the caravan was comparatively easy. After staying for a week in Kikuyu, the party proceeded to the coast. An amusing fact was that one of their sheep had travelled all the way from Berbera with them, a distance of between two and three thousand miles. As far as Kikuyu none of the animals had, as yet, suffered from the Tsetse fly, the total loss during the whole expedition amounting to twenty camels, five oxen, and three ponies. The photographs were taken by Dr. H. A. Bödeker, Kikuyu. These Thompsoni Gazelle, the property of Mr. F. G. Hall, Government officer at the fort, Kikuyu, British East Africa, have all been reared in captivity, one having been born in the fort within the last year.



THE RESULT OF THE EXPEDITION.

The first few days of real hunting have seen some remarkable jumping feats, due, perhaps, to the stored-up energy which in some countries hunting-men have had to nurse for a week or ten days owing to hard ground or to fog. In course of a run with the Warwickshire, Mr. Paton and Mr. Howes jumped the Wykham Brook at a place where it has been successfully cleared from bank to bank five times in the last half-century. Kind hunting-history omits to say how many have tried it and got in; it is a case of swimming for him or her who fails to clear this ugly stream. It is an even stouter heart that the owner can throw over a fence with two visible strands of barbed wire in it, but this feat was safely accomplished last week by Mr. C. D. Seymour, the Master of the West Norfolk Hounds, and by a member of his field who preferred risking his own and horse's necks to losing the "flying pack." A third sportsman tried the fence, but the wire claimed him for its own, and he took a fall, less damaging, however, than he had any right to expect. I knew a horse some years ago in the Eglinton country who would jump naked wire as freely as any Australian stock-rider's nag, but when he changed hands his new owner did not regard the accomplishment with any approval, and thus an invaluable gift, which might have been perpetuated, was thrown away.

It is rather too theatrical a proceeding to commend itself to British sportsmen, but there is a delightful old-world flavour about the French custom of celebrating St. Hubert's Day—Nov. 3. Hubert, you will remember, so far forgot himself as to indulge in *la chasse* on Good Friday, when he ought to have been more seriously engaged: the population was thinner in the seventh century, and the saints could afford (like modern crammers for the Army) to give "personal attention to individual cases." Hubert, after a blank day, was brought to book at



THOMPSONI GAZELLE REARED IN CAPTIVITY.

dusk by a stag which painters have most properly rendered as a "royal," and which, further, was furnished with a luminous cross between his antlers. This animal took advantage of Hubert's pardonable state of "funk" to order his retirement to a monastery there and then. The obedient sportsman renounced his crossbow and passed ten years at Andain; at his death the satisfied saints arranged that all who visited the Monastery of Andain and performed certain ceremonies should enjoy immunity from the bites of mad dogs—from which we may infer that a Right Hon. Walter Long was sadly needed in those times. They still maintain the custom of "blessing the pack" on Nov. 3, and, when possible, the ceremony is performed at some woodland altar erected in bygone days to St. Hubert or to Our Lady of the Woods. It needs little imagination to realise how striking a scene this singular foregathering of religion and sport in the haunts of the latter would be. An important corollary of the Mass is the blessing by the officiating priest of bread, which, placed in the kennels, is supposed to ward off all danger of rabies for the ensuing year.

Some of the finest and wildest sport in the world is to be obtained in the Austrian and Hungarian Alps and the heavy forests of their lower slopes, so it is not surprising to hear that the number of Englishmen who lease shootings with an eye to the chamois and red-deer is annually increasing. Rents are said to be rising, but one might suppose that the top of the market had been touched by the gentleman who has agreed to pay 1000 florins (£85 sterling) for every stag he kills. Sir Edmund Loder, the owner of the animal "paradise" at Leonardslee, in Sussex, is a devotee of Alpine sport; this season he and his three guests have made a bag of sixty-two buck chamois and twenty does on his Styrian shooting.

The pheasant has not long been a naturalised American subject; only three years ago his importers were eagerly watching and minutely reporting his progress in the State of New York, but, thanks to the judgment with which turning-down localities have been selected, the pheasant has done wonderfully well, and ere long will certainly take his place among American game-birds. Between the attentions of breeders and the State Legislature, he ought to arrive at this consummation. The pheasant population in Ohio, now estimated at between four and five thousand, is absolutely protected till Nov. 10, 1900, and then the shooting season will last for forty-five days only in that and subsequent years. Americans deserve success with their game, furred and feathered; their methods of preservation, applying to whole States for periods of years, is so whole-hearted and self-denying, and so thoroughly practical.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, has compiled a list of the birds which he saw on the hats of women in New York during two afternoons. Forty species were represented, including thrushes, warblers, shrikes, fly-catchers, tanagers, swallows, waxwings, grosbeaks, sparrows, orioles, wood-peckers, jays, owls, grouse, doves, quails, shore-birds, herons, gulls, terns, and grebes. In all he saw a hundred and seventy-three wild birds or parts of them on hats. Of these birds at least thirty-two varieties are protected by American law during all or a major portion of the year. A Boston court has decided that it is unlawful to wear feathers of a bird that is protected by law, and a similar law is proposed in New York.

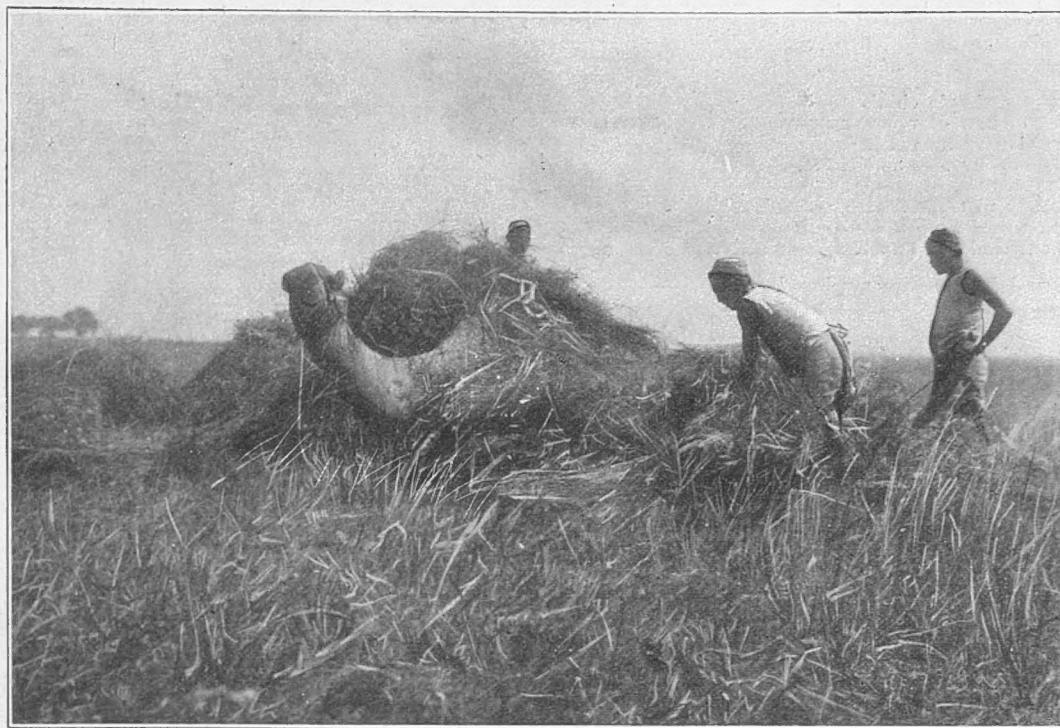
It is not surprising, in these days of almost universal memorials, that the Rev. F. T. Bramston, the Rector of Wootton-Wawen, should interest

himself in a scheme to perpetuate, by a memorial tablet, the name of William Somerville, author of "The Chase," who was buried in the church of Wootton-Wawen in 1742. Interest in the subject had become so small that the Rector was inclined to relinquish the project, but was encouraged by the promise of Lord Rosebery to increase his subscription from two to five pounds. To persevere in his undertaking Mr. Bramston has now seventeen pounds nine shillings in hand, and, with the promise of additional money gifts, suggests the placing of a brass near the grave.

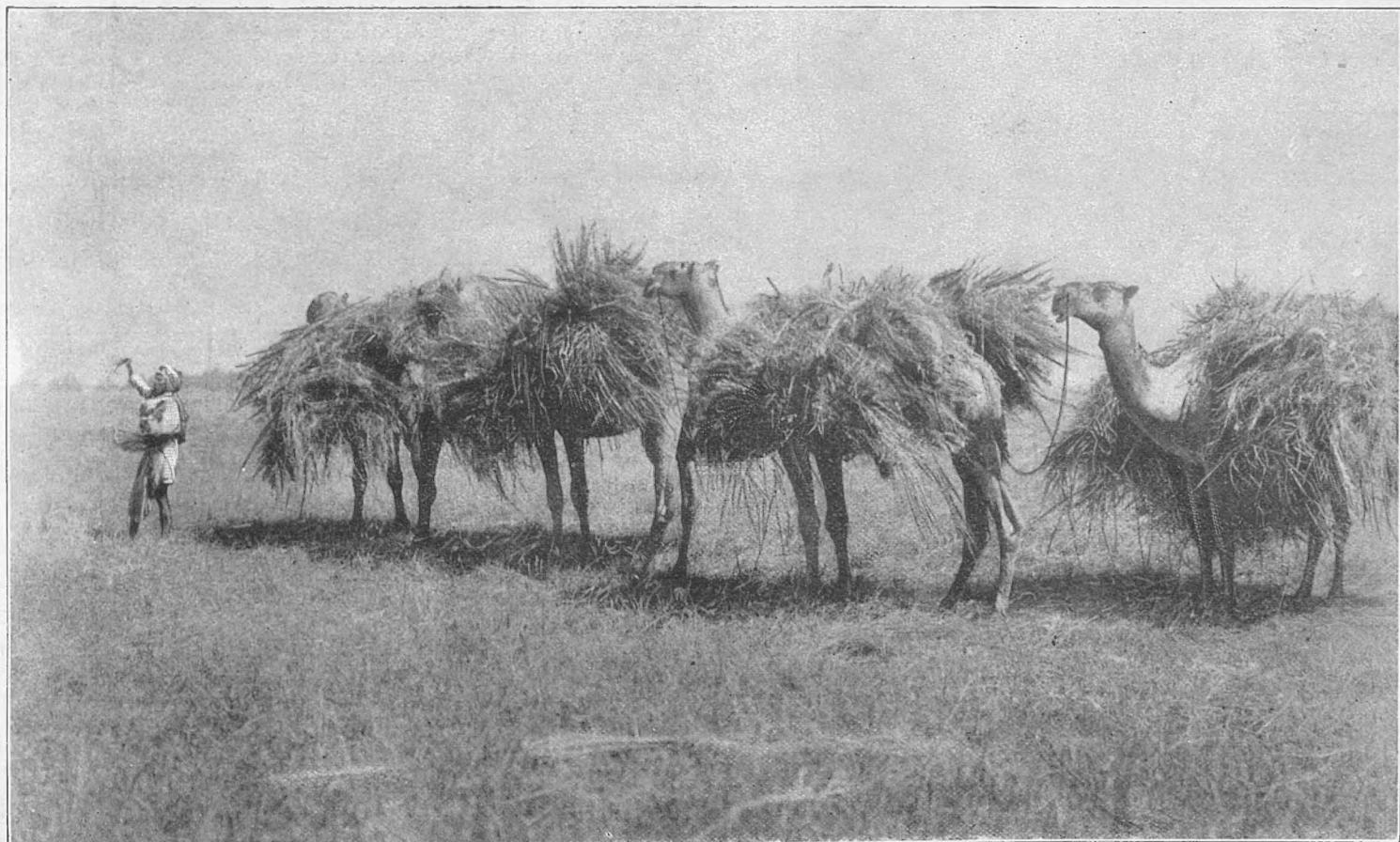
It is proposed to hold a banquet and decorate the statue of David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of *Maga*, at Musselburgh on Jan. 5, the centenary of his birth. The kindly doctor, whose once popular "Mansie Wauch" has been replaced by books on somewhat similar lines, though of a more up-to-date complexion, is remembered with gratitude in the town where he practised medicine; and it is not without interest that his "Domestic Verses," in which occurs the tender elegy "Cas a Wappy," was a

favourite with the Dowager Empress of Germany in her maiden days—a fact mentioned at the City banquet on the occasion of her wedding.

The frontier war has brought about a curious state of affairs in hay harvesting in India. All the available bullock-and-cart transport has gone from Meerut to the front, so camels have to be used instead. The idea of a camel taking in the last load, instead of the conventional four-wheel wagon and its team of cart-horses, seems to enlarge still further the capacities of the camel. We already know him as a "devil and an ostrich and an orphan child in one." By the way, I note that a West-End bookseller is offering the first edition of "The Seven Seas" for six-and-six already.



THE LAST LOAD.



A RESULT OF THE FRONTIER WAR: CAMELS HARVESTING IN MEERUT.

Mr. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, has sent me a bottle of his well-known paste, "Stickphast," which smells deliciously of cloves, and is enclosed in a dainty leather stand. Why record the fact in a perfunctory "we have received"? I feel the very prosaïness of the offering demands my thanks in more fanciful form—

Why praise in prose, when Cowper sang  
A common sofa long ago?  
And even Mr. Andrew Lang  
Writes verses on Gaboriau.  
Then Austin Dobson sings a fan,  
And some have hymned a willow waist;  
But I'm the man to pipe, like Pan,  
The praises of a pot of paste.  
  
I loved it as a simple child,  
Ere yet I knew of verse or prose,  
And when (I fear) its touch defiled  
My little sticky fists and clo'ees,  
I pasted up a book of scraps,  
And gaudy pictures torn from books,  
When rain would keep me in perhaps,  
And flour could be annexed from cook's.  
  
Then, when I had to earn my bread—  
The puzzling prospect made me think—I  
often used to hear it said  
By those who had a knowing wink,  
That mighty editors were they  
Who conscientiously embraced  
Whatever chanced to come their way,  
By scissors and a pot of paste.  
  
I once believed it; now I'm sure  
No fairy-tale by Andrew Lang  
Is half so false, though Andrew Tuer  
Has brought about this rhymed harangue,  
And made me get the aid of Pan,  
So that my thanks in verse be cast;  
This is the slogan of his clan—  
"Stick Phast!" and ever more "Stick Phast!"

The Cornwallis Wests, in the person of the fair Miss Mary Theresa Olivia, Princess Henry of Pless, have come into titles again. But, then,



MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST, MOTHER OF THE PRINCESS PLESS.  
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Mr. Cornwallis West is the second cousin of Lord De La Warr, and Mrs. Cornwallis West is the second cousin of the Marquis of Headfort.

Besides his Life of Dickens, on which he has been engaged during the last four years, Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, has found time to relieve his biographic work by verse composition, his volume of poems, "The Acid Sisters," issued a short time ago, having just gone into a second edition. He has nearly finished his volume on the literary and

historical associations of Hind Head, which will resemble the author's first book, "The Town of Cowper." Seeing it is not more than a dozen years since this work appeared, and that during the interval the historian of Olney has produced elaborate Lives of Cowper and Defoe, and one or two lighter volumes, Mr. Wright has proved himself one of the most industrious of writers.

The pantomimes are being got ready with all possible speed. Miss Cicely Turner is to be the "principal girl" (Alice Fitz-Warren) in "Dick Whittington," at the Grand Theatre, Islington.

"In sooth, he was a very parfite knighte"; such is the motto that I should feel tempted to place over the curious letter recently received by the editor of an Italian paper from a distinguished brigand named Cardoni. This prince among banditti, who had the grace to enclose five lire to secure the insertion of his communication, wrote, in contradiction of the rumour that a certain notorious Galbo was still member of his band, that he had parted with that personage owing to the latter's bad behaviour towards the public, and that he, Cardoni, had now, as his sole assistants, two other gentlemanly brigands, Ferrara and Forravello. Claude Duval himself could not have displayed greater urbanity and courtesy.

The Corporation of the City of London has, for the fourth time, granted the use of the Guildhall for the Christmas Entertainment to Ragged School Children which Alderman Treloar has annually promoted. The guests are drawn from all of the poorest parts of the Metropolis. There are over five thousand little crippled children passing a monotonous existence in crowded courts and alleys in this great city. Many of them are stretched on beds of suffering, and are prisoners from year's end to year's end. Others are quite unable to participate in the pleasures offered to the more robust. Realising how sad was the lot of these afflicted little ones, last year the surplus of the funds collected for the children's banquet at the Guildhall was spent in providing a thousand Christmas hampers for crippled children. There was not the smallest difficulty in distributing them to the most deserving cases, for every cripple is registered and visited systematically by the Ragged School Union. But in making the selections it gave great pain to be obliged to refuse four out of every five applicants. Why should not all the five thousand homes be brightened and made happy for one day at least in the year? It rests simply with sympathetic people to provide the means. The Cripples' Christmas Hamper may be large or small, according to the measure of support received. Last year it contained a two-pound meat-pie, a plum-pudding, a substantial cake, a packet of tea, and a parcel of sweets. And, judging from the pathetic letters of thanks, these unaccustomed dainties—the mere elements of Christmas fare—gave untold satisfaction. "That is why," says the Alderman, "I want to disappoint no child-cripple this year out of the five thousand, and that is the reason why I would earnestly ask for contributions, large or small, to be sent to the Little Cripples' Christmas Fund, care of Alderman Treloar, Ludgate Hill, E.C."

With regard to the reference in *The Sketch* last week to his article on "The Lord of the World" (which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* fifteen years ago) Mr. William Simpson writes—

As I am very liable to make slips in writing, the blunder on my part was a very possible one; but on referring to the article I find that the writer in *The Sketch* has not been quite so careful as he ought to have been. If he will again look up the article in *Fraser*, he will see that the passage he refers to occurs in a quotation from the works of the late Mr. James Fergusson, the well-known writer on Indian architecture. As I am publicly arraigned and found guilty, I think my innocence should be proclaimed in the same public manner. Of course, the matter is rather amusing than serious; most writers, even experienced ones, make slips, and I feel that, in my case, to have published a faulty phrase would not vex my soul overmuch, or lead me to anger against the person who exposed me. In this instance I feel rather flattered to find that your contributor has thought an article of mine fifteen years old was worthy of his attention. In fact, from his doing so, I should like to make his acquaintance and become friends with him.

The severity of the competition and rivalry now existing between the various latter-day and finely equipped suburban playhouses may be brought into relief by a fact known only to those "in the swim." The contracts made with touring managers contain stringent clauses, by virtue of which engagements at one particular house will "bar" appearances at some other suburban theatres. This "barring" condition has a very wide radius indeed; in one instance, I am told, reaching from Fulham to Camberwell. An actor friend points out to me that these internece feuds will react to the detriment of the resident managers of Greater London, for, after all, the supply of first-rate travelling companies is not inexhaustible. I commend this warning to the consideration of those immediately concerned.



MISS CICELY TURNER.  
Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.



HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Eleanor Cross, at Geddington, Northamptonshire, is one of the beautiful crosses erected by Edward I. in memory of his consort, Queen Eleanor. Queen Eleanor died at Harby, in Nottinghamshire, on Nov. 28, 1290. Attended by the King, her remains were carried to Westminster for burial, and upon each of the places where the procession rested crosses were afterwards erected by the sorrowing King. Among these were Lincoln, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, Charing Cross, and Westminster. Of these, only three remain, Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham. The one illustrated is by far the most perfect, the Northampton Cross having been considerably restored, and that at Waltham has suffered much from the ravages of time. The cross stands in the centre of the village, and is a richly ornamented stone structure, about forty feet high, bearing on its sides the coats-of-arms of Castile, Leon, and Ponthieu, which in right of the Queen was annexed to England. Above these at the angles are three figures representing three Queens in lamentation. There was formerly a royal seat at Geddington, which accounts for the body being brought here. Only some portions of the foundations of this residence, however, remain.

these are very voluminous; for local patriotism magnified the importance of all minor circumstances; but I really think that Guicciardini's History of Italy, Varchi's long-suppressed History of Florence, and the rest, would give one better reading than a verse romance in a hundred cantos or an old-fashioned novel told by letters. Indeed, the divers causes at stake in a country containing many rival States, not to mention the ever-diverging interests of the Empire, the Papacy, France, and Spain, are so intricate that, to quote the words of Guicciardini's nephew, the first editor of the History, "it includes the reasons, the counsels, the prudence, the rashness, the virtues, the vices, the fortunes of the principal men of the day." Thus, the tortuous conflict of city with city, and the subtle fence of Roman with Florentine and Venetian with Milanese, would afford ample scope to Mr. Morley's essentially logical and lucid mind.

Though "Old Kensington" has unfortunately considerably modernised itself since Miss Thackeray wrote of the "royal village," yet there are quaint "bits" still here and there to be found, while some of its old shops remain the happy hunting-ground of the antiquary. I chanced



ELEANOR CROSS, GEDDINGTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. EVANS, KETTERING.

I have lately come across three beautiful answers made by examinees to questions in a history paper. The first has reference to Titus Oates, who, it is stated, "headed a rebellion in George's reign for the repeal of the Corn Laws" (Shades of Peel and Cobden!). In punishment for this he "was beheaded." Answer number two sets forth the interesting piece of information that "Cromwell started the Ironclads, a body of troops that exist to the present day." Quite on a par with the foregoing is the third. It runs: "Lord Clive had a share in stopping the Mutiny" (evidently the candidate had Lord Clyde in his head) "and in making the Queen Empress of India!"

Mr. John Morley's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Francesco Guicciardini, following so speedily on the publication in book-form of his Romanes Lectures on Machiavelli, leads one to hope that the luminous expounder of the careers and views of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century may be disposed to continue his survey of the Italian historians of the sixteenth century. The use of the term "Italian" suggests a good deal more than it would seem to mean, for almost every city or town of any standing had its own particular story, from legendary times downwards, told by some more or less practised writer. Indeed, I would wager to cover the floor of a good-sized room with the histories in folio and quarto form merely of Tuscany, Venice, and Naples. Many of

the other day on a veritable emporium of old curios in Church Street. It is kept by a Miss Stapylton-Smith—a granddaughter, by the way, of the late Judge Stapylton-Smith—a gentlewoman who has not blushed to become a shopkeeper in old miniatures, intaglios, jewellery, and old lace. Moreover, she boasts that she is the first feminine appraiser and the only lady valuer to be found in London. South Kensington Museum has purchased some of her "finds," while a royal Princess is among her patrons.

The editor of the *Empire* (Mr. Stuart Cumberland) says that Mr. Chamberlain is a great smoker, and that he does his best work "over his pipe." Some years ago Mr. Cumberland was lunching with Mr. Chamberlain, and the latter expressed a wish to have his thoughts read. Mr. Cumberland asked him to lay his pipe aside, as in such experiments smoking is apt to distract the subject's attention. Mr. Chamberlain did so, and the thought-reader was astonished not to find the great concentration of thought he expected in his subject. He mentioned this. Mr. Chamberlain, "with a pathetic look at his favourite briar, smoking on the mantelpiece," said, "I don't think I can concentrate my thoughts—so soon after lunch—without it. Let me smoke, and you will, I think, get all the concentration you want." Mr. Cumberland concludes: "I let him smoke, and I at once found him to be an admirable subject."

Major Walsh, the Administrator of the Yukon District, has his work cut out for him, if only half the strange stories which come to us acent Klondyke be true. However, he seems to be the very man for the place, and the Canadian Government have made a shrewd choice. The Major, as he is known over his ice-bound kingdom, has seen plenty of life. Though born some fifty-five years ago in the Dominion, he comes of Irish, not French, stock, and he had as a young man all the love of adventure common to Irishmen. He has been in turn a fire-brigade captain, an engine-driver, an active member of the Mounted Police, and a soldier. His negotiations with Sitting Bull, when he spent a night in that redoubtable Indian warrior's camp, alone and unarmed, made his name known all over the United States. The most daring Yankee gold-hunter will think twice before he runs counter to the man who dared and daunted the chief who had practically held America at bay.



MAJOR WALSH.  
ADMINISTRATOR OF YUKON.

with a variety of diseases, and the demand for medicines has created a supply of—water from the Yukon with a "touch of red ink" to colour it. The ingenious inventor is making money fast; the untutored savage is "painting his inside red."

Truly pride cometh before a fall, and no man knows his luck. Just a few nights ago I was spending a very pleasant evening in theatrical company. Over the supper-table the London correspondent of a great foreign paper entered into conversation with a rather distinguished actor, who has played very many parts and played them well. The correspondent was reminding the actor of two striking photos that had been taken of him, one in the rôle of a thin, emaciated tramp, the other in a part that has to be extensively dressed, not to say padded. "When I took a holiday in Canada just recently," said the correspondent, "I found those two portraits on the hoardings even in some very remote towns." "That's very strange," replied the gratified actor, to whom his own fame is very dear; "I have never acted in Canada." "I know that," replied the correspondent; "your pictures were not even named." "What were they doing there, then?" asked the actor, who could not fail to notice that conversation had dropped and that one and all were listening for the reply. "The photos were side by side," remarked the correspondent, in a tone suggesting that butter would not melt in his mouth. "Underneath the thin one was written 'Before eating them'; below the other was written 'After eating them.' Above both photos was an advertisement of a particular kind of sausage for which the proprietors claim very nutritious qualities." And for the next five minutes there was a brisk rise in the market-price of a reasonable pretext for a smile.

Oliver Wendell Holmes junior has now reached the highest court in Massachusetts as an Associate Justice, and is regarded as one of the foremost jurists in the Bay State. He is a much larger man, physically, than his father, but has the same charm of manner among his friends, and is one of the most dignified justices on the bench. Judge Holmes has had an interesting career. He was just twenty when he graduated from Harvard in 1861, and immediately joined the 20th Massachusetts as a Second Lieutenant, and went to the front. He was at Bull Run, where he was wounded, and before he was mustered out as a Colonel of Volunteers at the close of the war, he had been wounded thrice. After the war he began his legal studies, and was a successful practitioner and legal author when Governor Long appointed him to the Massachusetts Supreme Court bench.

If the story published in a New York paper be correct, a real "Treasure Island" has been discovered. It is asserted that the



JUDGE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.  
Photo by Nottman, Boston.

*Impérieuse* has returned from the island of Cocos to Victoria, British Columbia, with jewellery and gold of the value of some fifteen million dollars, a guard of Marines having been left on the island to protect the remainder of the buried treasure till another war-vessel calls for it. Other parties have before visited the island in search of its hidden riches, with more or less success. Cocos was discovered by the Spaniards in 1791, and was surveyed by Captain Colnett two years later. Sir Edward Belcher visited it in 1838, and said that, owing to its height, the island could be seen forty-five miles off. Captain G. F. Thomas, writing to the *St. James's Gazette*, describes the island as about three miles by one and a-half, with high cliffs full of caves and very rugged. He believes the discoveries to be the long-lost treasures of Peru, hidden by the Incas in the time of Pizarro.

One does not usually associate the Sandwich Islands with a superfluity of clothing, yet the description of the cloak of the ex-Queen must arouse feelings of envy in many feminine breasts. This cloak is now in the United States National Museum. The foundation is of olona (native hemp), but stitched to this are the feathers of the birds of the islands, these overlapping and making a soft, beautiful, and perfectly smooth surface. The feathers are put on in the form of crescents, in yellow, red, and black. The black and yellow feathers are from the *Moho nobilis*, and as this bird is extremely shy and hard to capture, they are very rare and valuable. The cloak, it is said, is worth a million dollars, and took nearly a hundred years to make.

My attention has been called from one or two quarters to the personality of Ada Negri, the Italian poet and Socialist, who appears to have very much fascinated a great many people in this country. Mr. William Heinemann, who has many linguistic accomplishments, is known to admire her, and she has been skilfully praised by Miss Agnes Tobin, a gifted and beautiful American who is well known in London Society. Now I read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Wednesday an article on the Italian poet, which is clearly the work of Mrs. Meynell, so well-balanced are its sentences, so subtle and thoughtful its criticism. Of Ada Negri's personality I get but little information from any of her admirers, but from her portrait it is clear that she is beautiful, and from Mrs. Meynell's appreciation—and no one has more right to speak on subjects dealing with Italian literature—it is clear that she has a great gift of song, and that she is in ardent sympathy with the suffering toilers of her own lovely land.



MISS ADA NEGRI.  
Photo by Guigoni and Bosse.

"History by Camera and in Canto" is the title of a strange *olla podrida* which has been sent me. I confess I prefer the camera part of it, unless I am in a fit for humour, for the poet sings—

Thus, when I hear the cycle's whirr  
I can but think of Bessemer,  
Whose genius high and patient skill  
Turned the dull iron into steel,  
Gave strength and lightness both at once,  
Elastic power with elegance,  
Made common the material  
For fashioning the facile wheel.

And yet this bard was "some time student of New College, London"!

It would appear from the report of an officer in the German Army concerning the historical knowledge displayed by recruits that the Prussian system of education—in thoroughness and comprehensiveness—has been somewhat too highly rated in this country. The young soldiers of Kaiser Wilhelm exhibited their knowledge of national history by answering the question, "Who is Bismarck?" in this wise: "Bismarck was Emperor of the French," "Bismarck is dead," "Bismarck is a pensioner, and lives in Paris," "Bismarck took part in the Campaign of 1870, and received a medal for good conduct," "Bismarck descends from the Hohenzollerns, and was born on April 1." If one does not look for accurate knowledge from Teuton recruits, approximation to this is certainly expected from aspirants to the office of public librarian in the enlightened West. Some of the applicants, however, for positions in a library at Chicago manifest in their test examination a crass ignorance that is scarcely credible. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," some asserted, was written by Shakspere, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" by Oliver Cromwell, "Don Quixote" by George Eliot, also by Burns, Voltaire, and Longfellow; "Les Misérables" by E. P. Roe. Adam Smith, according to some, was a German poet; Gladstone, Emerson, and Caesar—strange triumvirate—were severally the greatest of the Victorian poets,

The popular interest in the taking of Dargai remains unabated, for the letters of the various correspondents on the spot have now come to hand. Indeed, I heard a distinguished Irishman declare at a public dinner the other evening that Dargai must be regarded as the decisive battle of the campaign. The *Times* correspondent at the front (is he still the gallant Lord Finncastle?) has, however, made an important correction. It was Piper Findlater, and not Piper Milne, who went on piping "The Cock of the North" after being shot in the legs. The mistake was made by the *Aberdeen Journal*, which has worked up the whole of Gordonism day by day with great cleverness, showing that, though the *Journal* is over one hundred and fifty years old, it is still as wide awake as ever. Milne, whose portraits I give here, is the son of a crofter, and was born at Insch, where his father taught him to play "The Cock of the North" on a tin whistle. It is a pity that Piper Milne's name should have been rocketed in this way through no fault of his, and yet I am sure he will not grudge the palm, if so it actually turns out, to Piper Findlater, who is also

an Aberdonian, having been born at Turriff, which is about fifteen miles from Insch as the crow flies. His father had a croft and meal-mill there. I do not know if his military ardour was excited by the exploits of the great Montrose, whose daring skirmish there is known to this day as the Trot of Turriff. At any rate, he "listed" (in 1888) in the second battalion of the Gordons, that is to say, the old 92nd. He went through the Chitral campaign on joining the first battalion. At the Palace the Gordons in camp are being "biographed."

Cricket is something, but the world does not make much progress by reason of double "centuries" or sensational bowling feats. For this reason, I venture, with great and due humility, to suggest that certain of our evening papers are making themselves a wee bit ridiculous. Nowadays, as I wander past our Metropolitan street-corners, I find myself in a very riot of English triumphs, not in India or Africa, but upon the cricket-fields of Australia. The busy tape informs me during the day of the progress of the world's history—of strikes, epidemics, wars, and famines. I look round my own secure little corner of the world's largest city, and wonder whether events will ever happen to make the man in the street think and act more as a citizen and less as a mere law-abiding machine. Then I go out to see what echo of the world's trouble sounds from the contents-bills of the evening press. What do I find? Nothing but the never-ending story of England's glory—under Stoddart's management. Some sub-editors find a stray line for some piece of news that has far-reaching political importance all over Europe, but the majority give all the space to the great deeds of King Willow thousands of miles away. Now, a sense of proportion makes existence endurable, desirable, and

upon the cricket-fields of Australia. The busy tape informs me during the day of the progress of the world's history—of strikes, epidemics, wars, and famines. I look round my own secure little corner of the world's largest city, and wonder whether events will ever happen to make the man in the street think and act more as a citizen and less as a mere law-abiding machine. Then I go out to see what echo of the world's trouble sounds from the contents-bills of the evening press. What do I find? Nothing but the never-ending story of England's glory—under Stoddart's management. Some sub-editors find a stray line for some piece of news that has far-reaching political importance all over Europe, but the majority give all the space to the great deeds of King Willow thousands of miles away. Now, a sense of proportion makes existence endurable, desirable, and



PIPER MILNE AS A BOY.

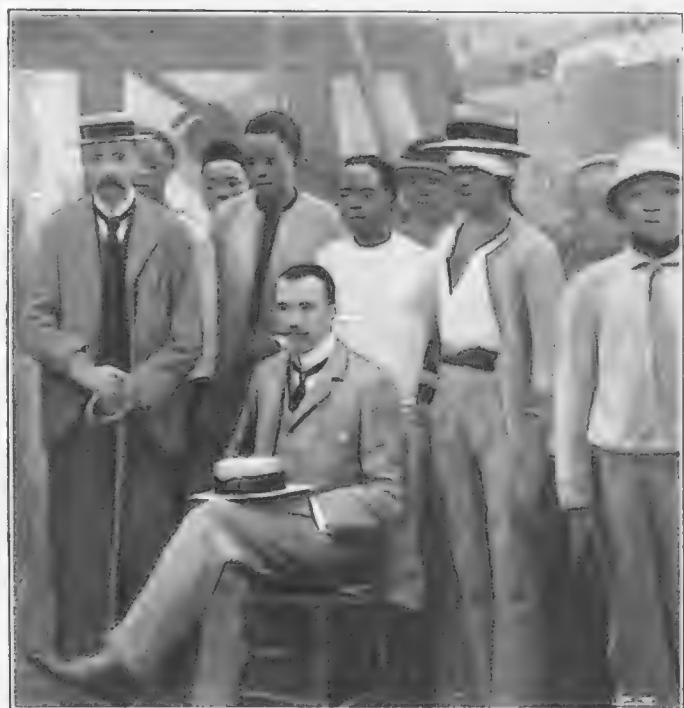
dear, and, in recognition of the fact, I venture to suggest to the sub-editor that life has more in it than cricket, and that, if we accept their startling head-lines through the summer, they might at least spare us the imported sensation of cricket in the Antipodes. I recognise that cables are expensive and that outlay needs boom, yet I think the best interests of sport are not served by these out-of-date hysterics.



PIPER MILNE AND HIS PARENTS.

There is some considerable excitement in shipping circles on account of the rumoured change of Brindisi for Marseilles as a port of call, and much joy is expressed by people who are interested either in the decline of Italy or the advance of France. With regard to the shipping arrangements, I have nothing to say, the question does not concern me. I do not know Brindisi, but I have spent a month or more in Marseilles, and positively decline to believe that the town can become a port of call for English vessels while the harbour remains in its present horrible condition. The town is drained into the harbour itself, and the place is even worse than it was when Charles Dickens described it in the opening chapters of "Little Dorrit." Were it not for the harbour drainage, Marseilles would be one of the most delightful spots in the South of France. The Corniche Road, the picturesque Château d'If, the church of Notre Dame de la Garde, the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, the wonderful cascade, and the broad avenues lined with double rows of trees, all combine to make Marseilles delightful to the casual visitor; but in the filthy water-supply typhoid is ever present, the harbour at low tide is too offensive for description, and fever seares are very plentiful. Marseilles will never be a popular port with English-speaking people until something is done to drain it into the sea and provide a water-supply that shall not menace teetotalers with death. The town is at the moment fast becoming a dangerous rival to Toulon for supremacy as the unhealthiest seaport town in all the fair land of France.

Panama seems to be looking up at last, and it is to be hoped that some, at least, of the small peasant proprietors who confided their savings to M. de Lesseps may come into their own again. A correspondent sends me two interesting groups taken on board the *Holyrood*



Mr. F. Leay, British Consul. Mr. Hudson, British Vice-Consul.

BLACK LABOURERS FOR THE PANAMA CANAL.

at Colon just before her departure for Sierra Leone with a shipload of returning African labourers, who, apparently, did not find the famous Isthmus the paradise they had been led to expect. The New Panama Canal Company find, as did France's Grand Old Man, that the labour problem is the real key to the completion of the huge scheme. Of five hundred and seventy-two "niggers" imported last winter at great trouble and expense, and under a three years' contract, only some fifty now remain in America. The others refused to work, quarrelled violently among themselves, and, finally, many were stricken down with that most horrible disease, Beri-Beri. The modern contractor must make up his mind to the fact that Colosseums are never built up by any form of free labour. However, La Boca Wharf is slowly but surely approaching completion, and I may yet have the pleasure of receiving a photograph of the Canal "opened for traffic."

I have just received a little book on "The English Tulip," containing seventeen pages and costing eighteenpence. I learn from it that the tulip was long prized by the Turks, that it was first got from them in 1554 and grown in Vienna. It made its appearance in England in 1577, and within seventy years one hundred and forty varieties were grown.

Messrs. Cassell have just issued another reprint of "Sentimental Tommy." The type, as in the former editions, is ugly, and prints in a rather blurred way.

The French Army has received an interesting new conscript in the person of a young Annamite student, named Bui Quond Chien, who comes from the province with the queer title of Daphnioc-Nimh-Dai. This young man has had a brilliant career at the Institut Agronomique, is twenty-four years of age, and a naturalised Frenchman.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, who, though still a child, may worthily be called a very great artist, is engaged to appear at the series of concerts to be given by Madame Albani during this month. She was only ten years old when she made her first public appearance in London, at her own concert, and her playing received the most favourable notice, the "only evidence of anything like immaturity being in the slightness of tone." With rarest judgment, her mother decided not to allow her to play again in public for the space of two years, and the wisdom of this decision is shown by the steady advance made by this talented child under the able tuition of Señor Arbos, the Spanish violinist, by whom her studies have been almost entirely directed. At an age when most girls are at school, Miss MacCarthy has had the honour of playing before the Queen, first in 1895, at Osborne, and as lately as October last, at Balmoral. On this occasion her Majesty presented the little violinist with a gold enamel pendant, having the royal monogram and crown in cabochon sapphires. Success has not turned her head; she is fond of her lessons, fond of languages, of cycling, and of swimming. Born in Ireland in 1884, she has already achieved what to many represents years of unremitting study and perseverance. We shall later have to say farewell to Madame Néruda; but a happy fate may ordain that, when that little-to-be-desired moment arrives, her mantle may descend upon the shoulders of this clever child, to whom all will accord a generous welcome.

What is going to happen in the musical world when, in the immediate future, the orchestral concert is played out, is a question which ought now to be occupying the ingenuity of the musical agents; and it may be confidently prophesied that he who brings a conclusive and satisfactory answer to the query will in all probability make a large fortune. For many years Herr Richter, for example, was engaged over plainly telling the agents, "Go in with your risks in both hands for orchestral concerts, and you are bound to do wonders." Still, Richter preached vainly; the crowds that filled St. James's Hall in the old days clowned his lesson to deaf ears, and Mr. Henschel alone took the parable up with foresight and intelligence. Then came Mr. Robert Newman with his modern ideas on things, and instantly the scene changed. At his hall Mr. Schulz-Curtius began his now famous series of Wagner Concerts, with so enormous a success that Mr. Newman began to look about him for a method to play so valuable a trump-card himself. Then came the rush. Mr. Henry Wood and the Promenade Concerts were started, and the new orchestra was immediately successful. Then came the Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall, under the same conductor, and their success, chiefly under the banner of Wagner, was instant and particular.

Mottl, Nikisch, Levi, Lamoureux—one after another they came here, and Mr. Newman went on piling up his instrumental concerts one after

the other. His Sunday concerts were (and are) exceedingly attractive to the public, and for a final dash for some of these triumphs the good old Philharmonic has run out a series of autumn orchestral concerts this year. In the crush poor Mr. Henschel has fallen out of the running, and it is only by his amazing energy and influence that Mr. Manns has been able to reorganise a comparatively new band at Sydenham, and bring it by sheer force of personality into decent rivalry with the others. And now the inevitable is happening. London is beginning to show signs of surfeit. It is true that Mr. Schulz-Curtius was able last week to fill the Queen's Hall to overflowing at his Mottl Concert, but Mr. Schulz-Curtius has so extensive a connection that this single fact goes for little. What of the empty benches at the Richter Concerts,

what of the empty benches at M. Lamoureux's concerts, and, indeed, at some of the Symphony Concerts? One cannot resist the temptation to conclude that the orchestral concert is coming to the end of its tremendous popularity; and so, what is to come next? Walk up, Messieurs the Agents, and inspect your stock, for now is the time to take the tide at the flood.

The announcement that a new Superior-General was elected but a short time back by the monasterial fraternity of Plœrmel makes me think of Meyerbeer's long-sleaved opera "Dinorah," of which the sub-title was "The Pardon of Plœrmel." The name is distinctively Breton in its character. High sopranos at miscellaneous concerts nowadays attempt the once famous "Shadow Song," in which Ilma di Murska and other operatic stars used to achieve triumphs in the art of vocal pyrotechny; but, save for this, a pretty opera is now all but forgotten. How long is it since it was played at Covent Garden?

If certain of the modern millionaires would only spend part of their superfluous wealth in the cultivation of good taste, I would refrain from this my present paragraph.

Unfortunately, as I go to and fro about the town and the pleasant places thereof, my eye is frequently offended, my sense of proportion is outraged. Now, when we have a right-down regular blood and villainy outrage, it is served up to the hungry public in ha'porths at very short intervals; the lesser but deeper tragedies of outrage upon taste escape almost without notice. Africa is the cause of the latest offence. One of its new-born millionaires, whom I will call Mr. Taylor, because that is not his name, has purchased a carriage fit for princes of the blood, and drives about with coachman and footman in front and two flunkies behind, just as though he were a Jubilee Procession at the very least. This ostentation is not only in the worst of taste, it is very foolish. People have made money very rapidly in South Africa, and there are hundreds who have come over to England to spend it; the least they can do is to live quietly, without aping the manners of the circus proprietor.



MISS MAUD MACCARTHY.  
Photo by Taber, Dover Street, Piccadilly.

## “WE ARE THREE.”

Two of the three dogs who look such friends are Wandle Belle and What's Wanted, both handsome bloodhounds, owned by Mr. A. Croxton Smith, of Burlington House, Upper Tooting. The third is his kennel-man's smart little fox-terrier, Spark. In the open-air run of the



WANDLE BELLE, SPARK, AND WHAT'S WANTED.  
Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

kennels is a large bench, which is the favourite seat of the trio, the little fox-terrier invariably getting up beside his friends. Just at the moment the photograph was taken, and after the hounds had been settled into position, Spark, as usual, got in and sat down between them, and so was included in the group. Wandle Belle is a grand bitch, of great size, and lovely rich red-gold colouring. What's Wanted, whose kennel name of Stately suits her to perfection, was bought by her present owner from Mr. J. E. Wilbey when his kennels were dispersed early in 1895. She was brought out at the Kennel Club Show in 1894, when she got two seconds and a third under Dr. Sidney Turner, and was tremendously praised. A month later, at Birmingham, under Mr. Hood-Wright, she won three firsts and a championship. In 1895, at the Kennel Club Show, she won her second championship and two first prizes under Mr. Walter Evans. She is of classic pedigree, being a great-granddaughter of Mr. Mark Beaufoy's famous champion Nestor. Her sire and dam are Coombe Bismarck and Woodbine. What's Wanted is a big hound, with great length of head and ear; the ears are beautifully set on.

Both these hounds have a special interest to admirers of Mr. Hall Caine and his latest novel, “The Christian.” The popular author wanted a bloodhound to figure in the story, and, knowing absolutely nothing about dogs himself, wrote to his good friend Mr. G. R. Sims for advice. Mr. Sims consulted his friend Mr. W. H. Sprague (who probably knows more about dogs in general, and bulldogs in particular, than any man



SAM, PETER, AND SPOT.  
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

alive), and the result was that Mr. Croxton Smith kindly brought Wandle Belle and What's Wanted up to town, where they were met by Mr. Sprague and taken in a cab to Harley Street, where Mr. Hall Caine was then staying, and the whole party spent a happy day together, the dogs, who are pre-eminently friendly and have charming manners, enjoying a romp round the room, while Mr. Sprague explained all the points and ways of the breed to the novelist, told him some of his inimitable doggy stories, gave him all the information he required for the Derby Day scenes in “The Christian,” and founded a friendship which will prove a lifelong one between the ascetic writer and the generous and fascinating Bohemian who is always ready to do a kindly action to everyone.

Mr. Hall Caine became so thoroughly in love with bloodhounds that Mr. Sprague presented him with one of a litter bred by Mr. A. Croxton Smith from What's Wanted by Mr. Edwin Brough's Champion Barbarossa. This puppy, who is litter-sister to the then ten-weeks-old Wayward, has accompanied Mr. Hall Caine to his home in the Isle of Man, and is named Glory, after the fascinating heroine of his novel.

Wayward and Warrior, a most promising pair of youngsters, are now just over eight months old, having been born on March 10, and we may look forward to seeing them, with several other dogs of different breeds, representing Mr. Croxton Smith's kennels, as the record dogs with which this Diamond Jubilee year will end.

Sam, Peter, and Spot are the names of the second group, taking them in the order in which they sat for their portraits. Sam is a well-known collector for the West Herts Infirmary, and does his work in a clever and novel manner. He will “sit up” and hold a coin on his nose until his master (Mr. Drury) gives the signal “Three.” No other word or sign will he obey, but at the magic word he tosses the coin in the air, catches it in his mouth, and deposits it in a specially constructed box. He



FLOSS, WHY, AND NELL.

has been collecting for six years, and has this season already amassed the sum of fifty shillings. Peter is Sam's companion and friend. He assists in collecting, but is not so clever as Sam. He will, however, always stand by his friend in time of need. At a fight, for instance, he is ever ready with a timely bark and bite. Spot is a London friend who often visits Sam and Peter at Berkhamsted. He is old in years and full of honours, and has been a constant collector for the London hospitals for many years, and when his home was at the Blue Post, Old Bond Street, his contributions were a regular item in the hospital collection at St. George's, Hanover Square. He wears a silver collar and padlock, presented to him by his admirers in recognition of his services on behalf of the Hospital Fund.

Mr. Fred Avery, writing from H.M.S. *Vernon*, Portsmouth, sends me a picture of his three Pomeranians. The centre one is the mother, Why. She is an Italian-bred bitch of good pedigree, brought to England as a puppy of three months by Captain Lewis Bayly, R.N. Tino, the sire, was also Italian-bred and of high pedigree.

## SIR JOHN MILLAIS' “A FLOOD.”

There has just been published a mezzotint engraving of the late Sir John Millais' charming picture, “A Flood”—a baby floating peacefully in its cradle—a picture I well remember in the Royal Academy in, I think, the show of 1870. I see it stated that this picture represents “an incident of a flood in Oxfordshire,” but this is surely incorrect? Charles Reade, in his stirring novel, “Put Yourself in His Place,” describes the terrific flood, caused by the bursting of a reservoir, that swept over Hillsborough (Sheffield) in the late 'sixties, and he paints a graphic picture of that terrible calamity, in which occurs the finding of an old wooden cradle floating with “a little child in it, awake, but perfectly happy, and enjoying the fluttering birds above and the buoyant bed below.” “This incident,” says Charles Reade, in that conversational manner he sometimes assumed towards his readers, “the genius of my friend Mr. Millais is about to render immortal.” “Put Yourself in His Place” was published in 1870, the year Millais' picture was exhibited, and there can be little doubt that Reade referred to the picture in question.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The New English Art Club is now beginning to have little more than a historical right to the claim of being considered new. Such is the fate of all modernity. That which comes upon us as the latest, the most satisfying, expression of our immediate surroundings fades into one of two things—classicism or oblivion. In all arts—music, painting, and literature—the same phenomenon is apparent, as Walter Pater demonstrated in so masterly a manner in his latest book, "Gaston de Latour." Well, the New English Art Club was once peculiarly modern. It came with novel eccentricities and with a good deal of fresh talent. Mr. Wilson Steer was always there with us, clever, extraordinary, puzzling, but often keenly interesting. He is with us this year again, but, though his cleverness and his astonishing keenness are still there, they do not come with that suddenness, that surprise, which once made them so modern in the eyes of the world some years ago.

Mr. Steer's "By Lamplight," for example, is brilliant in some respects, but one is inclined to the thought in looking at it that, though it is new, its elements have been seen before too many times. "An Oak Avenue," again, by the same artist, is a finely ambitious attempt to realise a scene coherently and as one big distinct impression. Such an ambition and such vitality as it shows are of far greater value than half the dull, dowdy satisfactoriness which marks half, and more than half, the artistic failures of the world, by which a painter is seen to decline upon a level in which, while there is no conspicuous fault to find with his work, there is equally no conspicuous perfection of achievement.

Mr. C. Conder's "Landscape in Alsace" may be said to be a very interesting work, with a curiously romantic and poetical outlook upon nature—an outlook which this artist should cherish as a rare and personal gift. A man with so sincere and true an outlook may sometimes be blamed for it by critics to whom it comes as a new thing, but the chances are that, in the end, he will teach others to look with him. The names are only used by way of comparison, but living men can still remember how Corot persuaded the world to look with his eyes, and Mr. Whistler has only in comparatively recent days come into the possession of the same kingdom. Mr. C. H. Shannon's "Souvenir of Van Dyck" is a particularly charming portrait, full of every delightfully tender quality in art, exquisite colour, and in every way remarkably elegant and dainty. The gallery, in fact, contains a great deal that is good, not much that is very uninteresting, and a very little that is of really fine merit; that, as galleries go, is a very decent record.

"To appreciate fully the old Dutch Masters," writes a critic very wisely, "you must go to Holland; but it is outside that country you

are most impressed with the modern Dutch painters." And this apropos of the Goupil Gallery, where hang some exquisite examples of that most modern Dutch painter, Israels. It has been pointed out by the same writer with much cleverness that Israels suffers appreciably in any collection of this kind by the fewness of his ideas. This is true, in a sense. Everybody will remember the enthusiasm with which the grey windows and interiors beloved of the Newlyn School when it was young and fresh and novel were greeted; everybody will also remember the slow feeling of fatigue which gradually grew as grey window after grey window made its bow to the world, and interior after interior of Cornish cottages was poured upon the living seas of art.

Israels equally loves his interior, his grey skies, his pale waste seas, and no less the sadness of the people among whom he has passed his life. But it is certainly a fact that he sees but few things, though he feels them keenly. When, however, you are inclined to think that this fact proves him to be habitual in his repetitions, the best test that can be is to take any one picture separately and newly for examination, and it would not be easy to say then that there is in any one point, so far as the present show is concerned, here or there, any diminution of power, sentiment, pathos, or poignancy. Still, it is not to be denied that Israels is not a very various man, though at the same time it must also be strongly maintained that his magnificent manual accomplishment, his grim sympathy, and his extraordinary compassion make him one of the most grandiose of modern painters. He is more, too, than grandiose. He can at times flash

upon you an intense beauty of effect, as in "Gossips," which hangs in this collection. In portraiture, in a sense of atmosphere, and in full power of wrist and in a kind of sufficiency, his works have something of an unique position in these times.

The portrait of Miss Ada Sullivan by Mr. Fred Yates is reproduced in these pages. It is painted in something of the grand manner by an artist who is at present busying himself with painting on an extensive tour round the world. The composition, the sureness, and the completeness of this portrait are extremely satisfactory qualities in the work of a young man of singular promise.

The fourth volume of Mr. George Allen's cheap edition of "Modern Painters" has just appeared. The reproduction (in process work) of the old illustrations are excellent, and settle any doubts that may have been entertained about the possibility of doing justice to the original illustrations in this cheap and handy reissue.



MISS ADA SULLIVAN.—FRED YATES.

## CENTENARY OF EDMUND BURKE'S DEATH.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS DESCENDANTS.

"I have had too much of noise and compliment in my lifetime," said Edmund Burke as he lay dying. "I wish for no posthumous honours, no monument, but a simple inscription on the church wall, where I desire to be laid close to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son."

His wish was respected; there were no elaborate funeral rites, but silence did not follow. The noise and compliment gathered in volume and intensity only as the years rolled on.

Among the political Titans of his age, Burke's eloquence alone has been incorporated into the wisdom of his country, and, the philosopher Bacon excepted, he is admitted to be "the greatest thinker who has ever devoted himself to the practice of English politics."

He was born in Dublin in 1730. Having taken out his degree in Trinity College, he went to London in 1750, and leaped into fame in his twenty-fifth year with the publication of his *Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful*, written when he was only nineteen.

At this period an unknown and almost penniless Irish lad, stamped with a brogue which death alone could silence, he was at once welcomed by the *beaux esprits* of the day, by Walpole, Johnson, Arthur Murphy, Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Unlike his old Trinity chum, Oliver Goldsmith—who, to a great extent, was held as an inspired noodle by his eminent contemporaries—young Burke had the rare dowry of distinction and personal supremacy which commands respect. He was a brilliant and tremendous talker, he oozed information from every pore even in his student days, but his garrulity did not convey egotism, self-advertisement, or the schoolmaster abroad; like Gladstone's garrulity, it was mere ebullition of mind.

"It would kill me to see that fellow now!" Johnson once exclaimed in the languor of recovery from illness. "He calls forth all my powers. Sir, he is an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual."

Burke's political career began in 1765, and in "the four high tragedies of America, Ireland, India, and the French Revolution" he was a

leading actor until the day of his death. His "Reflections on the French Revolution" is a European classic, and his "Tracts Relative to the Laws against Popery in Ireland" make him the premier advocate of the liberties of his Catholic compatriots in the eighteenth century.

An upholder of Church and State, he sought to maintain administrative integrity by waging war against the wire-puller and the place-hunter; and in trying to sweep away vested sinecures, extravagant pensions, lavish Court outlay—all the rats'-nests of jobbery where increased taxation and corruption in high places are hatched—he made many influential enemies. The keynote of his Parliamentary career was that duty rather than barren rights should be the basis of political action, and this build of mind probably explains why the greatest of British statesmen never held nor was offered a seat in the Cabinet.

In domestic and social life Burke's character stands high. He was a devoted son, brother, and father, and, what is more unusual among the world's celebrities, the faithful and chivalrous husband of one wife. The only suggestion of a love affair in his youth was with Peg Woffington, who undoubtedly had great influence over him, and induced him to publish his first work, "A Vindication of Natural Society."

Shortly after the appearance of the *Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful*, he broke down in health, and went to recruit at Bath. He was found by a compatriot, Dr. Christopher Nugent, in miserable lodgings, carried by that hospitable gentleman to his own house, and was there nursed back to health and to an abiding condition of happiness. The young man fell in love with the doctor's pretty daughter Jane, and the union proved to be a perfect mating. "Every care vanishes the moment I enter my own roof," was a frequent statement of Burke's in his later troubled years. But at the same time the only poignant sorrows of his life were those caused by losses in his home circle. The deaths in quick succession of his sister Juliana, of the brother Richard who had been his constant companion from boyhood, and, finally, of his beloved and only son, who succumbed to rapid consumption shortly after his Parliamentary appearance, broke his high spirit and his heart. After the August of 1794, to quote Grattan, "Burke only lived to die."

Richard Burke, like his brother, was handsome in person, and, overflowing with the spontaneous humour and "devilment" which we must believe were once characteristics of the Irish race, was a very popular figure in fashionable society. But neither he nor his nephew and namesake possessed the transcendent abilities which the statesman fondly believed were theirs.

Goldsmith sketches his boisterous friend as follows in his "Retaliation"—

What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!  
Now breaking a jest and now breaking a limb;  
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball;  
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.  
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,  
That we wished him full ten times a day at Old Nick;  
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,  
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Early in 1797 Burke's body completely gave way, and, as sore disaster was clouding the close of the century—the nation wailing for the end of fruitless bloodshed, the Bank of England stopping payment, Spithead disgracing the State with mutiny—round the pillow of the dying statesman and prophet gathered the Ministry of the day seeking his advice, treating him like Ahithopel of old. "It was," writes Wilberforce, "as if one went to inquire of the oracle of the Lord."

Burke expired on July 9, 1797. Neither his son nor his brothers left issue. The present family representatives are descended from his sister Juliana, a brilliant woman, the wife of a Galway landowner named French. Her daughter, Mary French, married Colonel Haviland, son of General Haviland, a distinguished soldier, Burke's neighbour at Beaconsfield, and one of his dearest friends. Mary's son, on inheriting his granduncle's estate, by royal patent



MR. EDMUND HAVILAND-BURKE.

*Correspondent to the "Manchester Guardian" in Greece.*



EDMUND BURKE.

*From the Painting by Romney.*

assumed the surname and arms of Burke in 1818. This gentleman, whose picture is given, married a Miss Minshull, lineal descendant of the gallant Sir Richard Minshull whose residence was the first to be sacked by the Cromwellians. He was an active philanthropist and art patron; and for many years was President of the Athenaeum Club. He died in 1852 at his residence in Gloucester Place, leaving an only son, Edmund.

In 1860 Mr. Edmund Haviland-Burke was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but soon deserted the law for politics. With true fighting instincts, he never sought "a safe seat," but broke his first lance in the Liberal interest in the aristocratic little borough of Christchurch, Hants, an old Tory preserve; he was beaten by a small majority, but in 1868 he captured Christchurch from Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, after a most exciting election fought with exceptional bitterness on both sides.

Mr. Burke's Parliamentary début was remarkable and romantic. There came

to London some leading Indian princes with sundry substantial grievances against the Government, and their object was to secure the advocacy of a Liberal sufficiently independent-minded to take up their wrongs against his own official leaders. When they found that one of the new members was a great-grandnephew of the statesman who impeached Warren Hastings, they entrusted their case to Mr. Haviland-Burke. He pleaded it so eloquently as to be personally complimented by Isaac Butt and other excellent judges of Commons' work. He could not, of course, prevail against his own Front Bench, but his skill ultimately secured some measure of reparation to the Eastern potentates. He was a man of exquisite manners, endowed with capacity of the highest order. An art patron, like his father, some pictures from his collection are now to be seen in the National Gallery and in other famous collections. He married Miss Jane Waltham, and died in 1886. His widow and three sons are living.

The present heir-at-law and representative of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke is this gentleman's eldest son, Mr. Edmund Haviland-Burke, whose career has been most varied and interesting. He joined the Irish Protestant Home Rule Association more than ten years ago, threw himself vigorously into the propaganda in England, and was an indefatigable speaker and lecturer under the auspices of the Eighty Club and other Liberal associations. But he fell under the weird influence of Parnell, whom he declared to be as great as any of the great men since Napoleon, and became an

enthusiastic partisan of the dead leader. He unsuccessfully contested North Kerry against Mr. Thomas Sexton in 1892, and South Dublin against the Hon. Horace Plunkett in 1895. Since the last General Election he has retired from active politics. Mr. Haviland-Burke is an ardent Philhellene, and was with the Greek Army of Epirus as war correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* during the recent conflict.

He saw the bombardment of Arta and the débâcle of the Turks on the Arachthos river. He crossed over to Turkish territory at Bani and marched with the 9th Regiment when it advanced on Prevesa until it was recalled at Kanza. He slept for a week in the open air and under heavy rains at Cape Aktion, and learned practical gunnery in the battery on Alonaki Hill during its last long duel with the Prevesa forts. Mr. Burke maintains that the Greeks fought splendidly when well led; that their irregulars did more harm than good; and that, though their officers frequently showed conspicuous courage, very few of them had sufficient authority to enforce discipline or to stay a panic. He believes the Turco-Greek War to be a mere preface to serious troubles in the Balkan States, which he shortly intends to visit in quest of information and adventure.

In 1893 Mr. Haviland-Burke married Miss Susan Wilson, a member of an old Antrim family then residing at Bath. Mrs. Haviland-Burke is an acute literary critic, and shares the enthusiasms and political convictions of her husband, who often speaks of the strength and purpose which she has added to his life. Of Mr. Burke's younger brothers, Claude and William, the former is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and is adopting the stage as a profession; the latter is just finishing his studies in Trinity, and intends entering the Church.

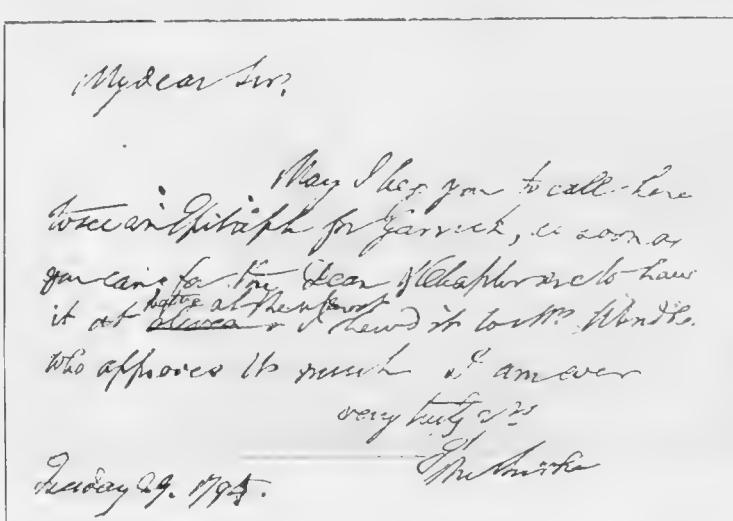
The Dublin Committee of the Burke Centenary Celebration consists of three members of five leading literary and debating societies, the Marquis of Dufferin acting as chairman, while Trinity College, as becomes the statesman's Alma Mater, will have a special commemoration of its own.

The opening lecture is to be delivered by the Rev. W. Barry, D.D. (author of "The New Antigone"), to-day, in the hall of the Royal University Buildings. The chairman of the Belfast celebration is Dr. Alexander, the Primate of Ireland.

MARY COSTELLO.



MR. EDMUND HAVILAND-BURKE, M.P.,  
DIED 1886.



A LETTER BY BURKE.



BURKE'S HOUSE AT BEACONSFIELD, BURNED 1813.



MRS. HAVILAND-BURKE (MISS WALTHAM) AND HER SONS LIVING.  
Photo by Robinson, Dublin.



MR. HAVILAND-BURKE, FATHER  
OF THE M.P.



THE ASTROLOGER IN "DR. FAUSTUS" (MR. DAN McFERRAN).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLISONS, BELFAST.

## "DR. FAUSTUS."

A company of local amateurs, greatly daring, has lately been giving a series of performances of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" in Belfast, with a considerable measure of artistic success, if one may judge from the opinions of the Belfast press, and be it noted that dramatic criticism is by no means at so low an ebb in that city as in most provincial towns. Mr. W. A. Weatherall in the title rôle, Mr. W. Rankin as Mephistopheles, and Miss Love as Helen, seem to have played with a good deal of the right appreciation of the Titanic work of the youthful genius who fixed the specific type of the romantic drama for England. A circumstance which is not without interest at the present time, when the coalition of Church and Stage is a catch-word, was the appearance of a clergyman, the Rev. E. I. Fripp, in no less than three rôles—Valdes, "Old Man," and the Chorus, to whom fall many of Marlowe's finest lines, notably the solemn, dirge-like epilogue. Mr. Fripp was also responsible for a very intelligent summary of the play and the conditions of its original production. This prominent connection of the Church with the tragedy of Doctor Faustus has a technical propriety quite distinct from any consideration of the moral that makes for righteousness in any version of the Faust legend, for the portrayal of the eternal conflict between Will and Conscience, which was to find its finest realisation in Shakspere, retains in the earlier work of Shakspere's great forerunner much of the primitive atmosphere by which it was surrounded in the earlier Mystery, Miracle, and Morality Plays from which the Elizabethan Drama was evolved, and the Mystery Play, as even Macaulay's schoolboy probably knows, was originally acted by the clergy in or near their churches, as we are shortly to be reminded by the performance of the Rev. H. Cresswell's



DR. FAUSTUS (MR. W. A. WEATHERALL).

perversion which owed more to Goethe than to Marlowe, if one may say so without disrespect to the mighty dead of Weimar! What a pity Sir Henry Irving does not give us a revival of Marlowe's play in place of the rococo work of the late Mr. W. G. Wills!



LUCIFER AND MEPHISTOPHELES (MESSRS. MCFERRAN AND RANKIN).



THAIS AND ALEXANDER (MISS BRYDEN AND MR. R. PATERSON).

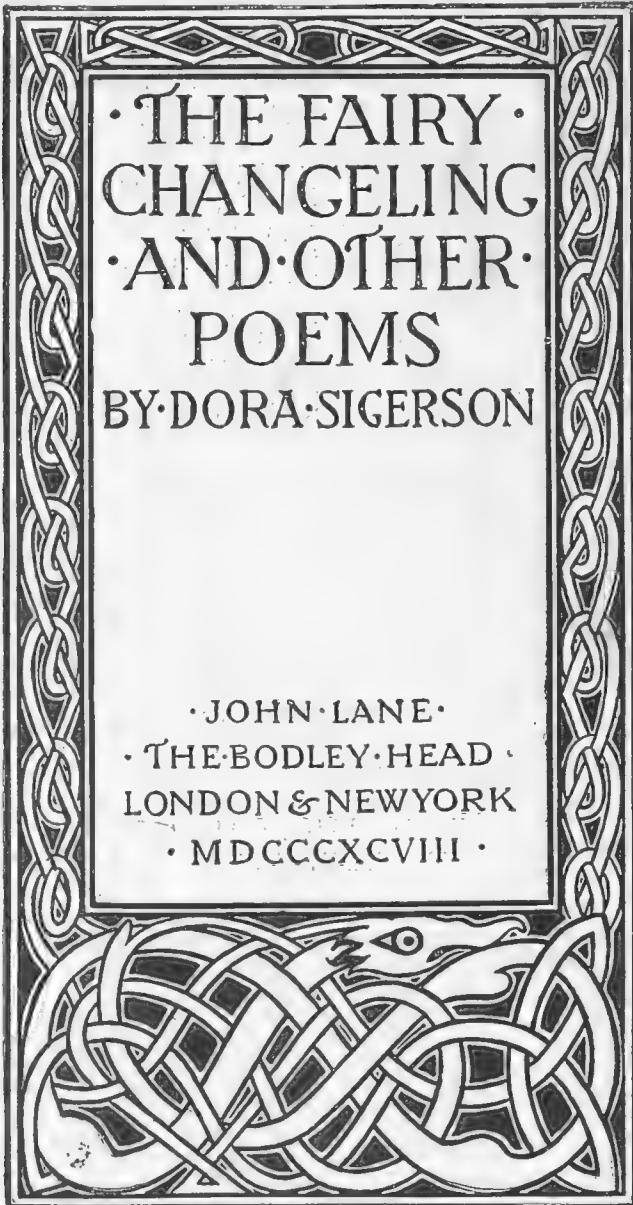
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLISONS, BELFAST.

ecclesiastical play at Canterbury under archiepiscopal sanction.

The great hold which the story of Faust has possessed over the imagination in one form or another makes it one of the most interesting things in literature. The tradition of a man who barter his soul away to the Devil can be traced back to the sixth century and found there in much the same form, the fundamental idea being, of course, still older. Down through the centuries came the legend in various forms, until, at the opening of the sixteenth century, it became definitely connected in Germany with the personality of a certain Doctor Faustus. It was from an English translation of "The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus," published by Spiers at Frankfort in 1587, that Marlowe took his plot. But the English poet repaid the loan with rich interest, for as early as 1608, but fifteen years after his ignoble death in a Deptford tavern, his "Doctor Faustus" was being played by English actors at Graetz, and thereafter held the German stage for many a day. At the present time there are four German versions of Marlowe's play extant, besides French and Dutch translations. Some hint of its influence on Goethe is given by his recorded exclamation, "How greatly it is all planned!" and by the fact that before he undertook his own imperishable work on the same theme, Goethe thought seriously of making a new translation of the English play. Yet, with a curious irony, when the story of Faust found its way back to the English stage, it was in an operatic libretto and a dramatic

## "THE FAIRY CHANGELING."\*

This is a volume of genuine poetry. It puts Miss Sigerson by the side of Katherine Tynan and Jane Barlow. Miss Tynan's poetry, promising from the first, shows by this time a depth of feeling and a power of expression which will long keep it alive. Miss Barlow's remarkable "Bogland Studies" have hardly received the justice they deserve, and some of her occasional lyrics are poetical in the highest degree. She is not Irish in the full sense as Miss Sigerson and Miss Tynan are; though she has wrought herself into sympathy with their religious feeling, she does not express it from the centre. Mr. Yeats, the sweetest singer of them all, perhaps the sweetest singer living, is less penetrated by the sorrow of the world, or rather, has discovered or created a world of his



THE TITLE-PAGE.

own, more bright and surprising than the world other people know of. Yet all of them have their imagination rooted and grounded in Ireland. As Miss Sigerson writes—

At the grey dawn, amongst the falling leaves  
A little bird outside my window swung,  
High on a topmost branch he trilled his song,  
And "Ireland! Ireland! Ireland!" ever sung.

Take me, I cried, back to my island home.  
Sweet bird, my soul shall ride between thy wings;  
For my lone spirit wide his pinions spread,  
And "home, and home, and home," he ever sings.

Was it a dream I dreamt? For yet there swings  
In the grey morn a bird upon the bough,  
And "Ireland! Ireland! Ireland!" ever sings.  
Oh! fair the breaking day in Ireland now.

In fact, it is the distinction of Miss Sigerson's verses that while she loves as poets love, is miserable as poets are miserable, and happy as they are happy, her thoughts are not self-centred, but continually set in relation to a world of pain and mystery and wonder. Nature to her is not a region in which a wild fancy can sport freely; it is haunted already by

ghostly shapes and terrors, and is full of tragedy and storm. It is conceived as Heine conceived it, only far more deeply—

Why does the lark, far sailing fleet,  
Sing with such wailing cries?  
And why from the sweet meadowsweet  
Do corpse-like vapours rise?  
And why do the sun and the meadows gleam  
With such a chilly gloom?  
Why is the earth so great and grim  
And dismal as the doom?

The groaning and travailing of the creation are audible throughout this little book—

There passed me on the road  
A little dog with hungry eyes, and sad,  
Thin flesh all shivering,  
All sore and quivering,  
Whining beneath the fell disease he had.

There are besides the griefs, old and terrible, here enshrined in some indefinitely mystical and musical ballads. For ballad-writing Miss Sigerson has all the Celtic genius, and yet it is in her reflective poetry that we care for her most, for there she gives us life passed through the fire of thought, reveals things that are "packed and locked in the heart," and gives expression to the love that loves with quaking nerves and throbbing pulses the heart's natural belongings. Even the specifically Irish patriotism always expresses itself so, for no country has evoked the same depth of pathos and pity as Ireland has done. But the chief subject of these poems, whether distinctly expressed or not, is the communion between the living and the dead. That a silence has fallen never to be broken till the consummation of all things, perhaps not to be broken then, Miss Sigerson's heart cannot believe. The imagination still clings to the dead, knows them to be present, refuses to accept the happiness they do not share, and is even haunted by their sorrows till it prays to be set free—

I see you on the waters, so white, so still forlorn,  
Your dear eyes unclosing beneath a foreign rain:  
A plaything of the winds, you turn and drift unceasing,  
No grave for your resting; O mine the bitter pain!  
All through the night did I hear the Banshee keening:  
Somewhere you are dying, and nothing can I do;  
My hair with the wind, and my two hands clasped in anguish;  
Bitter is your trouble—and I am far from you.

One of the most beautiful pieces in the volume is "Wirastrua"—

Wirastrua, Wirastrua, woé to me that you are dead!  
The corpse has spoken from out his bed,  
"Yesternight my burning brain  
Throbbed and beat on the strings of pain:  
Now I rest, all my dreaming's done  
In the world behind the sun.  
Yesterday I toiled full sore,  
To-day I ride in a coach-and-four.  
Yesternight in the streets I lay,  
To-night with kings, and as good as they."  
Wirastrua! Wirastrua! would I were lying as cold as you.

Sometimes the singer enters the secrets of the other life, and perhaps the best of the ballads is that of "The Priest's Brother," who heard all night the crying of a soul in pain—

The priest went down the vestry stair,  
He laid his vestments in their place,  
And turned—a pale ghost met him there,  
With beads of pain upon his face.  
"Brother," he said, "you have gained me peace,  
But why so long did you know my tears,  
And say no mass for my soul's release,  
To save the torture of all those years?"  
"God rest you, brother," the good priest said,  
"No years have passed—but a single night."  
He showed the body uncoffined,  
And the six wax candles still alight.  
The living flowers on the dead man's breast  
Blew out a perfume sweet and strong.  
The spirit paused ere he passed to rest—  
"God save your soul from a night so long."

Sometimes even the hope of the future fails, not the faith of it, but the hope of it. Such are its terrors that—

I wish we could live as the flowers live,  
To breathe and to bloom in the summer and sun;  
To slumber and sway in the heart of the night,  
And to die when our glory had done.

I wish we could die as the birds die,  
To fly and to fall when our beauty was best:  
No trammels of time on the years of our face;  
And to leave but an empty nest.

It will be seen that these verses have the real shape and make of a poet's thought. They are, indeed, melancholy after their manner, but

Send me hence ten thousand miles,  
From the face that always smiles.

They are not written as so many books of verse are written—that their author's poetic conscience may be stroked and pleased; they are full of the spirit of a genuine emotion, of strong pathos and originality, of high purity of feeling, and often marked by a grave and graceful sweetness. There is not a line which breathes the spirit of bitterness or cynicism, or even a final despair, and there are many passages for the sake of which it will be a real pleasure to keep the book at hand, and occasionally turn over its pages. This is surely the highest praise that can be given to a young writer.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

\* "The Fairy Changeling, and Other Poems." By Dora Sigerson. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

Nov. 24, 1897

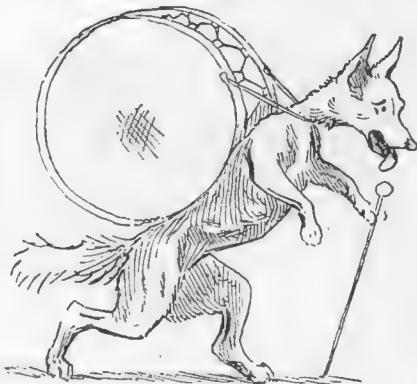
THE SKETCH.

199

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



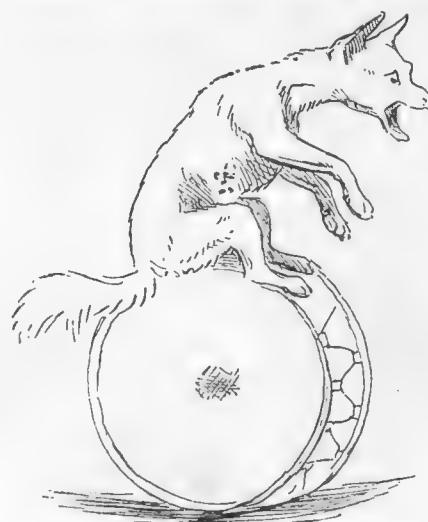
THE GENTLE ART. A BITE.



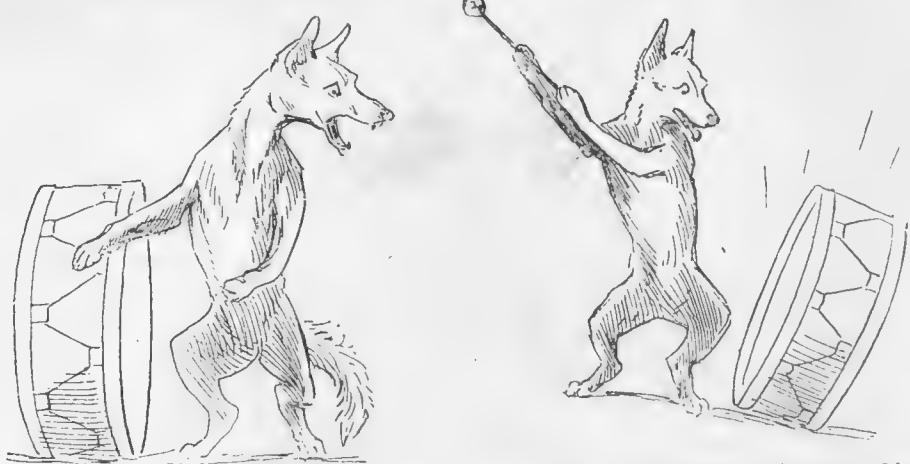
1. Once upon a time a dog who was afraid of work invented a new instrument.



2. And lit upon a town where the tendency was to sleep as much time away as possible.

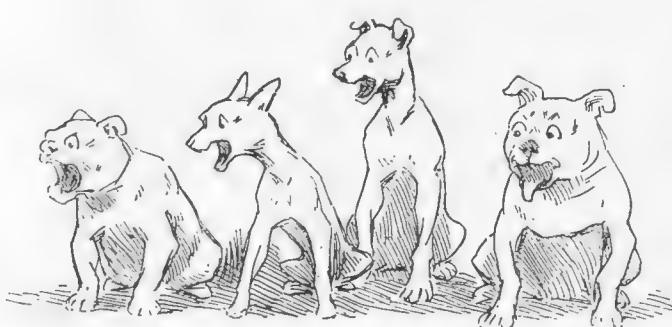


3. He gave a lecture on the difficulty of communicating their wants to the humans, and suggested a means by which —

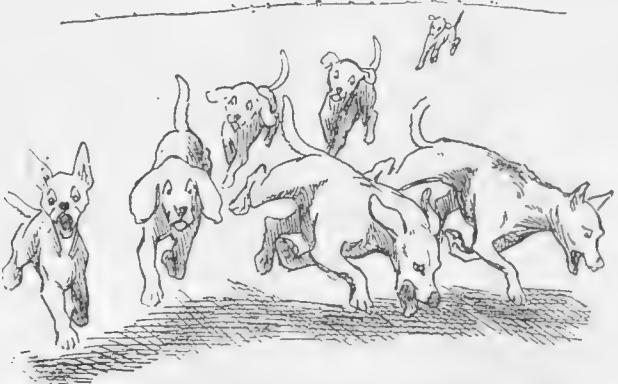


4. They might reciprocate one another's views, and thus arrive at some finer conception of the unity of spirit which should animate their friendships.

5. He proceeded to illustrate his meaning in a forcible manner.



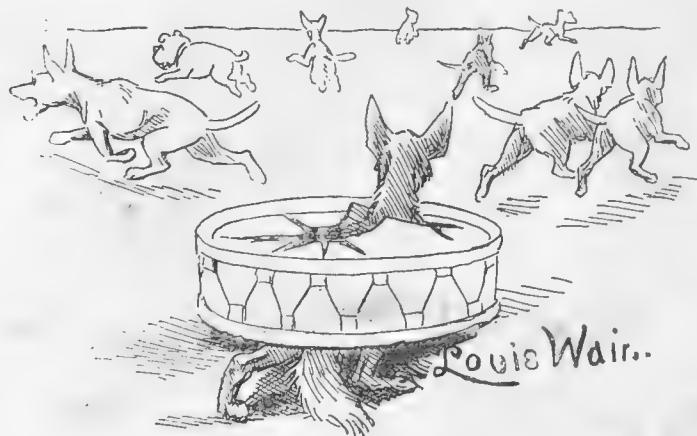
6. Exaltation reigned.



7. Wonderment drew the country-side out of itself, for the boom of the big drum was far-reaching.



8. Then our friend gave an accompaniment in a weak falsetto set in a high key, but as everyone could do that so very much better than he, the crowd put him in his drum, and thereby took the boom out of it.



9. This destroyed the charm, and the dog was left to his own invention.

Louis Wain.



OLD WOMAN : I gave you good money, but the clothes are full of moths and things !  
SHIPMAN : Well, you can't expect humming-birds for half-a-crown.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

M'SIEU BOVET, OF QUALITY COURT.

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

Some years ago I was often in the search-room of the Patent Office, just off Chancery Lane. I had not then learnt that the successful completion of the mechanical part of an invention is merely the first and a very little step towards a money reward for one's time and thought; and so, when I had at last satisfied myself that my new lock—which was not only unpickable, but also an automatic tell-tale as to anyone who might even try to pick it—was mechanically perfect, I hopefully imagined that I had only to make a final search in the Patent Office before selling the invention, on a remunerative royalty, to one of the many firms of lock-and-safe-makers who would, as I thought, be only too ready to jump at my offer. Alas for the hopes of the inventor! The wonderful lock is still in my desk.

One foggy afternoon, near to the Christmas of 1880, I was anxiously reading through one specification after another, taking each out of its neat box with a mild approach to the feeling of a member of the famous Suicide Club, who may at any moment draw his death-card—my death-card would have been a specification that my lock infringed—when I had to use the ladder in order to reach a box of specifications which was on the top shelf. Turning from the reading-shelf to where the ladder stood, I saw it occupied by an oldish man who was replacing the box he had just been examining. I recognised him as an habitué of the search-room with whom I had now and then exchanged a "Good-morning," and he, seeing me at the foot of the ladder, asked, "Is it one of these you want?" The specification I wanted was one that chanced to be near the man's hand, so he took the box containing it from the shelf and handed it to me.

This little act of civility led to an interchange of one or two casual remarks about our work, and, as we found that neither of us was that thing so dreaded by the inventor—a man on the same line of search as himself—we became slightly more communicative. He was on Aéronautics; I, as I have said, on Locks. We had that end of the room to ourselves, and, while I no longer covered up the heading of each specification I read with my piece of blotting-paper, he no longer thought it necessary to hold each of his specifications about two inches from the end of his nose. In the most open way we each spread wide the papers and read them flat on the wooden slab without any further attempt at concealment. Could you have a stronger proof of mutual confidence?

One morning in the following week (it was the day before Christmas, I remember) we again met in the search-room, and at lunch-time we chanced to go out together, and my elderly friend—a Frenchman long domiciled in London, as I ascertained later—invited me to share with him one of the little marble-topped tables in the restaurant, close by Quality Court in Chancery Lane, where so many eager inventors and so many poor dulled ones have dreamily eaten their scanty meals while poring over some new-found specification, or while abstractedly muttering the development of a fresh idea that has occurred between the mechanical munchings of their jaws. [I remember that the outside of a Chinese tea-chest in a grocer's window once suggested to me an idea that took two years to work out.]

Even the waiters in that eating-house had an air and a habit of abstraction. They would bring to you potatoes *sauté* for potatoes fried, an omelette aux fines herbes for an omelette *soufflé*, cutlets aux champignons for cutlets au sauce tomate—but these and the like inaccuracies of the service passed unnoticed, or at the least unrebuted, by the eaters; and, looking back on those days and at the thoughtful, shut-up looking faces I used to see there, I cannot help feeling sad when I think of that little, long room, with its dirty, common red velvet benches, and of all the shabby inventors who sat on them, whose ghosts must surely be still haunting the place. Not one in five hundred of that long procession of inventors ever felt the realisation of his hopes or had any reward for his heart-breaking work.

When we had finished eating, Monsieur Bovet offered me a cigar, and, lighting one himself, pulled from his pocket a copy of the *Gaulois*, and I took up *Punch*. I remember this because there was an amusing picture in it by Keene about duelling in France—the bloodless sort of duels, where honour is satisfied very easily. Later, Monsieur Bovet was looking at *Punch*, and, when he came to Keene's picture about the absurd duel, he held out the paper to me, saying, "But they are not *all* like that with us." His tone had more meaning than his words, and, in response to my questioning "No?" Monsieur Bovet said, "I once fought a very different sort of duel myself." His manner did not show me that a question would be considered indiscreet, so I asked Monsieur Bovet, "What was that?" And then the Frenchman told me the incident which I now relate.

"In my younger days I was nominally a draughtsman in the military engineering office at Toulon. I say nominally, because even then I was what I am now and what I always shall be—an inventor whose goal is a navigable balloon. Then I was not thirty, now I am over fifty; but, as you will find out, M'sieu, if you have the true stuff of the inventor, years make no difference to a man: in pursuit of an ideal that must for

ever inspire the true inventor until he dies. And when he dies—what then? Who knows? Not you or I, M'sieu," and Bovet looked up dreamily to the smutty panes of the sky-light.

"After three years at Toulon I had some money left to me—not much, but enough to let me work at my ideas undisturbed by office routine and by the ideas of my superiors in the service. If there is one thing a man of ideas hates, it is the being forced to work at the ideas of other men—to draw and shape them on the paper, to measure them with rule and compass.

"I went to Paris. At first things went well, and I found myself able to superintend the actual making of a balloon which I believed to be navigable in any current of moderate strength. This was a small machine, and could carry only one person. I had it made in the shops of a large firm of aéronautic engineers, who were known to me, and who carried out my instructions faithfully. The balloon itself—the silk bag for the gas—was sent up from Lyons to be fitted to the mechanism and the car.

"This firm of engineers had as manager of the shops a Breton mechanic who had reached his place of foreman from that of a mere fitter in their employ. His name was Jean Durand, and he had much patience and a long nose. You, M'sieu, have much patience and a long nose, *n'est-ce pas?*" I stared at Bovet, who went on—

"Yes, his long nose gave him intelligence in detail, and his chin, with a vertical crease in the middle of it, gave him resolution," and, as Bovet spoke, he lightly touched my chin with a flicker of the *Punch* in his hand. "You have also a vertical crease in the chin."

I began to feel uncomfortable.

"Durand was unfortunately quarrelsome. He was also of a superlative vanity. He admired my wife, and she admired him. She liked his boasting, and I hated both of them. When I was at work on my machine, after the shops had closed to the workmen, Durand and she would see each other. I knew, but I waited. It was a long while, but, as you know, M'sieu, one does not perfect a navigable balloon at the first attempt, nor at the second or the third.

"My wife was jealous of my balloon, and she wanted the money I spent on it. At this time I had a son three years old; he was often my companion in the workshops. His mother had no love for him—with me, he had more of my love than even my invention. It is unfortunate, M'sieu, that your nose is long, that you have patience, that you have a vertical crease in your chin."

I felt very uncomfortable, and got up to go, but Bovet pulled me back.

"When my last machine was ready, and when it had been tried, I took the opportunity to make Durand insult me openly in the presence of the workmen who were gathered round my machine. This was very easy, and it was what I wanted, for Durand was himself a capable balloonist. I had turned the chatter on to the relative merits of my balloon and that sometimes used by Durand, and nothing was then more pleasing to the men than my insistence—I had the choice of weapons—that Durand and I would fight in the air. Durand had to agree or be crushed in the eyes of his men." Bovet pressed the little heap of cigar-ash quite flat on the marble table-top, wiped his thumb on his coat, and grinned at me maliciously.

"I had my friends among the men, and next day, when the duel came, these helped me to arrange the machine, while others helped Durand. My wife stood on his side of the enclosure, and I saw her give to Durand in the ear one or two bundles. But I was too busy to do more than just notice her pleasant activity and her smiles so encouraging to Durand.

"We had each a revolver of large size and of five chambers. We could fire at each other or at each other's gas-bag so soon as the signal pistol was fired from below.

"The balloons were set free. My wife's face followed Durand's car with less anxiety than I had thought probable. But it is always foolish to couple probability and woman.

"The pistol-shot from below sounded sharp, as we were up about five hundred feet, and with it there came up the clear exclamation of my wife to Durand, 'Promptement, mon ami!' And he was quick, for one of his bullets hit the black iron rim of my car and left a gray splash on it. My opponent preferred to aim at me, not at my gas-bag.

"We were not more than fifty feet apart, and nearly level. Durand was the lighter man, and had arranged his ballast to keep us level. I have said that my wife handed bundles to him.

"I reserved my fire, and Durand's second shot missed me and the balloon. His third bullet went into my left shoulder.

"I still reserved my fire, for I could follow Durand, who could merely drift in the light breeze and the sunshine. My balloon could be steered, his could not.

"I leaned over the edge of my car, and as Durand again took aim I shouted suddenly, 'Promptement, mon ami!' And I remained there smiling at him, as he cursed at me for disturbing his aim. Four of his bullets gone, and only one of them in me. I drank some brandy, and fired my first shot, which let some of the gas out of Durand's bag; he began to fall slowly, and I followed, still keeping about fifty feet aside from him. The slight breeze was excellent for my manoeuvring, and the shouts from below were only momentarily lulled between the shots.

"I steered as close as I could, keeping a few feet above him, so that I

## The marriage feasts of Chriemhilde and Brunhilde.



The final arrival at Worms; the bridal feasts—for there are two, Siegfried also receiving his reward; and the joyance and splendour of man and maid at this lordliest of high tides—every reader can fancy for himself.—CARLYLE.

could fire down on Durand. At about twenty-five feet of lateral distance I leaned over as far as I could, and fired my second shot at his long nose, and I hit his head somewhere, for he put his hand to his left ear. But it was only a slight wound, for Durand then fired his last shot, with an aim so good that the bullet, coming from below me on the slant upward, made the wound which left this scar." Bovet pushed aside his thick hair and showed me a long white streak across one temple and the upper part of the skull.

"I had three bullets left, and I could steer my balloon. Durand had emptied his pistol, and he could not steer his balloon.

"I steered a little closer to him.

Durand stooped to lift one of his bundles of ballast, in the hope (I thought) of quickly rising above me. I sent a bullet through his right wrist. He stood up and lugged at the bundle with his left hand, cutting a rope that bound it, and hugging the bundle as he shouted something I did not hear. As he did so I fired, and at that moment there struggled from the bundle my little son, who stretched out his hands to me from vile Durand's arms, and screamed, 'Papa! Papa!' as my fourth bullet hit the child full in the face. The boy fell over the edge of Durand's car into space. My fifth bullet did its work without a mistake.

"You understand, M'sieu, that Durand and my wife had planned to kill me first, and, if that failed, to stop my fire by exposing to it the son that I loved.

"It was enough to send one mad, was it not; Monsieur?—and you so like him!"

Quite disconcerted, I weakly said "Yes," and Bovet strongly yelled "Oui, mon Dieu!" as there was a sharp rip-rip, two flashes, and the spotty mirror at my back shivered and the pieces of glass fell over me. Bovet fell back with a horrid mouth, crooked and bloody, and the dingy inventors jumped from their benches.

The very intelligent Divisional Surgeon of Police told me next day, in Bovet's poor lodging in Quality Court, that it was a case of "delayed cerebral action accompanied by an accidental association of faces, and reinforced by"—but, there! I forgot the rest. I tossed the surgeon for drinks, and he won.

### A B C.

There is nothing in all the world of books so universally known as an alphabet. In its primal simplicity it is the starting-point from which all things begin; in its marvellous combinations it is the Babel where men divide. The alphabets of old England were strange productions: once the commonplace of life, now hoarded by the collector. The horn-book of yesterday, which Mr. Andrew Tuer recently described in detail, has vanished as if it never had been. In its place a hundred rival publishers strive to amuse young England during the dreary infantile struggle



MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON'S IDEA OF "D."  
From "An Alphabet."

of mastering "the letters." And even now that holiday-time is on us, a different set of publishers are flooding the market with that same old alphabet of ours, brought up to date by the inventive skill of different artists. Phil May's "A B C," issued by the Leadenhall Press, is rather

meaningless as an alphabet. It is divided into two parts. In the first we have simply the figures minus the letters, in the second we get the letters and figures combined. The great fault of the book is that there



PHIL MAY'S CONCEPTION OF "D."  
From "A B C."

is no connection whatever between the letters and the figures. Thus, though the little "d" shown here accidentally stands for "Distinction," the big "D" represents "Famine and Plenty." Apart from that, the book has some humour and shows Mr. May's touch, but it lacks the human quality that distinguished "Gutter-Snipes." Mr. William Nicholson's Alphabet (Heinemann), on the other hand, is all of a piece. No artist has come to the front so much this year as Mr. Nicholson. A few enthusiasts followed the poster work of the Beggarstaff Brothers, of whom he is one, with interest, and recall with delight his quaint poster of Don Quixote illustrating the Lyceum production, and his still more curious poster of Cinderella's coach for the Drury Lane pantomime. But not until he pictured the Queen for the *New Review* was he recognised as a master of cartoon conceived in an individual way. His Alphabet is drawn on the same lines. It is broad and effective, essentially simple and old-fashioned, as contrasted with Phil May's very modern method. Mr. Nicholson stands for the lithographer and the wood-engraver. Phil May is the product of the process man. On the present occasion many people will prefer Mr. Nicholson. His Alphabet is beautiful—if you can appreciate it. But if, for instance, you prefer a photograph of the Queen by Mr. Downey to Mr. Nicholson's cartoon, this delightful Alphabet is not for you. Messrs. Warne have issued several "A B C's" in crude colours, which have not been improved by being printed in Holland. Indeed, it is extraordinary that such primitive toy-books can still be issued side by side with a Nicholson. "A B C Land" has real humour, but it is childishly carried out by an indifferent and anonymous draughtsman. The "Bible A B C" takes us back to a period of art prior to the Deluge—which may account for its being printed among Dutch dykes. The "Busy Bees and A B C's," printed in Germany for Raphael Tuck, is little better. Children, perhaps, may not criticise, but their tastes might, at least, be cultivated from the first.

"Baboo Jabberjee, B.A." (Dent), Mr. Anstey's new book reprinted from *Punch*, has no sentiment, and, unless you happen to be a very solemn enthusiast for young India, you will find a laugh on every page. There is a good deal of rather tart satire in it; but the glib, shifty, rhetorical Bengali, who is not particularly national in his feelings, is fair game. Never since the famed Mrs. Malaprop has such a crop of elegant blunders sprung up, and Baboo, aspirant to the Laureateship, and to most other things with emoluments—who can be "obtained dog cheap for a mere song or a drug in the market-place"—is one of the living creatures in the fiction of the year. Caricature is powerless to sap the life in him.

## AT R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Are there any drawing-room refuges for people who want to talk about literary style? I have not found this a common topic in general conversation; but in a remarkable novel I have lately read, the heroine makes her first great impression in a drawing-room by a passionate speech twenty-one lines long on the art of writing. From this I learn that "the language of passion is intense; of pleasure jocund, easy, abundant; of content calm, of happiness strong but restrained, of love warm, tender"; also that style is the outcome of character and principle in the author. This flood of original thought surprises a small tea-party, especially "a serene and dignified woman, dressed in velvet and black sable," who, when the heroine flies from the room in the stress of her emotions, exclaims, "Look at her eyes! . . . She sees what we have never seen, and never shall in this incarnation." This thrilling scene happens, not in London, where great intellects are expected to flame sometimes at afternoon tea, but in a provincial town, whither the humble Cockney would like to make a respectful pilgrimage. Dare we hope to be so blessed "in this incarnation" as to find the drawing-room where style is discussed with such discernment and sincerity? Perhaps we are better away, for some rash intruder might be tempted to remark that the heroine's admirable views are embodied in the familiar saying, "The style is the man"—a sentiment which, in the presence of ladies engaged in the task of educating man, might be thought impertinent.

Personally, I should like to meet the lady in sable (who reminds me somehow of the first Mrs. Tanqueray—"all marble arms and black velvet") and talk to her of style when it is "jocund." At present, she suffers from the morbid pertinacity of serious aims. Fundamentally, I am as serious as any grave and reverend signior you may find 'twixt Hampstead and Aberdeen; but I have seen too much of the solemn Aim, which as often as not is a hopeless blunder, to relish its eternal parade. I should like to say to the lady who applauded that passionate speech about style at the tea-party, "Ah! you should have known Beth Caldwell when she was a child, before she married the doctor with his teeth rather far apart, and took to serious aims. You should have known her when her imagination was nursed by that melancholy ocean which, as Dizzy saw in one of his moments of insight, signifies so much in the growth of Irish character. You should have seen all the wild, pathetic grace of this true flower of genius, battling with sordid tyranny, full of unconquerable humour and romance. I don't recognise her now in your society for the reformation of man. Her originality and charm have vanished; but the memory of her strange and fascinating childhood will keep them green."

I am uneasy about the teeth of bad men in fiction. You will remember that Mr. Carker, in "Dombey and Son," has a very fine set, all genuine, which he flashes upon the reader without mercy. It is a regular exercise, like that of the mysterious foreigner in "Little Dorrit," whose moustache is always going up and his nose coming down. For years Mr. Carker's teeth had such an effect on me that, whenever I met anybody with a lavish display of gums, I felt sure that he or she was full of iniquity. This belief was unlucky, for it estranged me from a maiden aunt with a good deal of property. Fashion changed, and the teeth of the villain ceased to be prominent. I met them again in one of George Egerton's stories. A full-blooded bridegroom showed his "strong white teeth" after the marriage service. He did not bite the bride, like the unpleasant hero of Prosper Mérimée's tale; but her wedded life was full of gloom. This seems to be a pretty definite warning. Maidens, beware of suitors with strong white teeth! But now comes a bad man with his teeth rather far apart. Is this another sign? There used to be a legend in my boyhood that, if the two front upper teeth were sufficiently apart to admit the edge of a sixpence, the happy possessor was sure to be rich. I daresay some sanguine spirits are still nursing expectations on this belief; but what will they say to the new message that teeth of this sort may be symbolic of a deplorable character?

This is no light matter. The reformation of man will, I fear, take a considerable time. Meanwhile, it is expedient that girls like Beth Caldwell should be saved from marriage with the wrong men by some code of danger-signals. Teeth are apt to be misleading; but is there no other sign of the bad husband? Beth's doctor has glossy black hair, a rich colouring, very white hands, gray-green eyes often suffused with tears, and a habit of admiring himself in the glass. Taken separately,

these attributes may be harmless enough; but collectively they are damning. I cannot understand why Beth, who had extraordinary penetration, did not take fright at this sinister wooer, though it is fair to remember that his habit of admiring himself in the glass was not known to her till it was too late. Further, the case is complicated by the fact that, although she had been perfectly untameable at home and at school, the moment the glossy black hair and the grey-green eyes asked her to marry them, she was subjugated by a mere brute. This is all the more distressing because there was a Polish or Hungarian Count at hand, a gallant gentleman with a yacht, who had saved her from drowning, and acted on various occasions as the benevolent dispenser of jam and judicious advice. Why didn't she fix her affections on him? Apparently there was nothing ominous about his teeth or hair or complexion, and yet who can feel sure that he, too, would not have revealed to his bride the unfathomable wickedness of unreformed man?

It is a sad lottery, this choice of husbands, though some philosophers think they can suppress the ironical sport of Nature in mismatching the beautiful spirit with the clownish clay. They have my best wishes. At present, there seems to be no social sheet-anchor, except the patriotism of publishers. Rash is the man who ventures into the controversy about the price of books; but I cannot help noticing with admiration the statement that our publishers are too patriotic to be influenced by foreign examples. This is the answer of one publishing firm to the suggestion that the French system of cheap publication might be adopted in this country with advantage. Our language and literature may be largely indebted to French words and ideas; but the thought of publishing a two-and-elevenpenny English novel in a paper cover should be abhorrent to every patriotic mind. What a pity Mr. Chamberlain did not bethink him of this important condition of patriotism before he delivered his Rectorial Address at Glasgow University, which contained an eloquent tribute to French institutions, and even to the French Revolution! Fortunately, a check to such dangerous sentiments is supplied by the British merchant, who remains doggedly unaware that foreigners cannot read his circulars, and who seeks to enlighten them further by sending them the commercial traveller with a cheerful incapacity to talk any language but his own.

We must guard against the besetting vice of cosmopolitanism. Madame Darmesteter, in her "Life of Renan," a model of biography, relates how the philosopher fell into a lamentable error. He had looked for an intellectual and spiritual union of France and Germany; and when the Germans invaded France, not with scholarship, but with horse, foot, and artillery, he sat down in great pain, and wrote a letter of eloquent expostulation to David Strauss. Strauss, a very deep thinker, published the letter, and devoted the proceeds to the Prussian ambulance service. Other deep thinkers in Germany clamoured for the dismemberment of France, and poor Renan wondered what had become of the holy light of science. He could not understand how men with serious aims could persist in the brutalities of military conquest, like mere Goths and Huns. If he were alive now, he would be edified by the assertion of still another deep thinker, that, if the majority of citizens in the Austrian Empire will not submit to the German minority, they must have their heads broken. Who can withstand such patriotism as this, especially when it is backed by all the resources of intellect? Let us profit by the example, and stick to our ancient English ways, even in a matter of such small national importance as the price of books.

I am interested, moreover, in the serious aims of a spiritual teacher who has been telling his flock that to open museums on Sunday is to "degrade religion to the level of science and art." But this flower of Methodist culture droops before an American Methodist who finds obscenity in the United States currency. There is a new five-dollar bill decorated with the figures of two ladies, one of them blowing a trumpet (an unusual proceeding in America), and both of them insufficiently draped for the Methodist eye. Now, if you can imagine without swooning one of Mr. Athelstan Riley's infant robbers from a Board School, who has knocked down a helpless American visitor in Northumberland Avenue, stolen a new five-dollar bill, and gloated over it in an impious corner of a museum on Sunday, you may form some idea of the appalling forces of evil which the Anglo-American reformers have set out to conquer.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. D. S. Hogarth, the author of that delightful book, "Wanderings of a Scholar in the Levant," has an assured audience for whatever his pen may offer. If in his "Philip and Alexander of Macedon" (Murray) we miss the pleasant touches which made so graphic the narrative of the

author's hunt after inscriptions in Asia Minor, we have fresh and striking illumination thrown on the career of the remarkable father of the renowned son whose empire embraced that region. Alexander's deeds and fame, both in history and legend, have so eclipsed those of Philip that the world has forgotten how the policy of the son was but the continuation of the far-seeing designs of the father. The conception of an expanded Hellenism was Philip's; for him the narrow limits of the old city-states of Greece were to overflow until there was realised the evolution of a "European Power" in the modern sense of the term, "an armed nation with a common national ideal."

Mr. Marion Crawford is safely back on Italian ground in his new novel "Corleone" (Macmillan). One is a little nervous about his powers of entertainment when he trans-

ports us to New York, where he forbids himself melodrama, the one thing of which he is an undoubted master. "Corleone" is a story of Sicily and brigands, as well as of Rome and the high nobility. The Saracinesca, who have served him so well, are to the fore again; but their interest pales before the story of the bad, bold Pagliuca brothers, in league with the banditti while playing a part in the polite society of the capital. A bad end is neatly contrived for each of them, and the virtuous, beautiful sister is, for the comfort of the respectable reader, proved in the end to be no sister at all, but of far better blood, and quite worthy to mate with the dignified Saracinesca who has fallen in love with her. "Corleone" would make an effective melodrama on the stage. Mr. Crawford should certainly turn dramatist for the occasion. As a novel it is at once readable and unreal. The brightest portions are not the stormy tragic ones, but the lengthy and quite insincere flirtations between Tebaldo, the ruffianly Sicilian noble, and Miss Lizzie Slayback, the young American millionaire.

Mr. Gissing's new book of short stories, "Human Odds and Ends" (Lawrence and Bullen), represents various moods, but I think his very blackest and his most discontented are omitted. Taking one with another, they are a fairly cheerful set; indeed, some of them are so obviously bent on showing the brighter chances of life that they are distinctly unfashionable. Perhaps underneath some of the brighter ones a knowing reader of Mr. Gissing may discern a fling at life, as if he were "larning" it how to treat decent and deserving and down-trodden human beings; but that is to be too knowing in Mr. Gissing's moods, and not quite fair. One must be struck by the growing ease and grace of his style. Especially in the short story does he show this. For condensed force and fitting effectiveness Mr. Hardy and Mr. Kipling are the masters of this kind of writing in England; but one can now name Mr. Gissing in the next breath after these names without irreverence.

There is very delicate work in a book just published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, "The Joy of My Youth." Mr. Claud Nicholson is the writer, and it is not his first venture, I think. There is not very much story in it; it is a string of loose reminiscences from the history of a sensitive man, peculiarly open to impressions and influences from without. It has a Breton background, and, indeed, there is nothing at all English about the book. Not merely is it crammed with French scraps of conversation, but its style, its sentiment, its attitude, were all made in France. Its qualities are not very vigorous, but it has charm and subtlety, and the childhood portion, with the blithe imaginative pictures of a beautiful and irresponsible past, must captivate all readers who have time to linger in their reading.

There is something of the same subtlety, a little, too, of the same lack of national tone, in Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson's "Odd Stories" (Constable). They are bright and artistic, some of them original, none commonplace, in manner at least; the slightest and weakest have a distinguished air of their own. But, good, bad, and indifferent, they make a more popular appeal than does Mr. Nicholson's book, and, indeed, for the light reading of a day or two, there are few newer books that can be more safely recommended.



THE COVER OF MR. HOGARTH'S  
"PHILIP AND ALEXANDER OF MACEDON."

## HORS D'OEUVRES.

There are some signs that the firm, though perfectly polite, language of the Guildhall speech, together with the significant preparations in the Niger districts, have produced some effect in damping French "colonial" enterprise—if that can be called "colonial" which is chiefly remarkable for the absence of colonists. And, indeed, arguing from history, one might almost say that the French are Anglophobes first and colonists afterwards. Since the loss of Canada and the overthrow of the French dominion in India, France has never seriously pursued a practical plan of colonial development or foreign empire. Algeria, at the gates of Marseilles, is to this day an unprofitable and, in parts, a disaffected dependency. The Sahara bulks large on the map, but the soil is, as Lord Salisbury pleasantly remarked, "rather light," and unsuited in the main for raising anything but a crop of simooms. What is the value of Tonkin? how much will be made of the territories extorted from Siam? what return will statisticians of the future reckon up for the thousands of lives thrown away in the blundering Madagascar expedition, which succeeded only by reason of the greater imbecility opposed to it?

It may be that some of the French colonial enthusiasts believe in the establishment of a vast French colonial empire, forming a Greater France to face and overmatch the Greater Britain that bids fair to be the biggest fact of the coming century. But until the French nation, to put the matter succinctly, ceases to consider two children the proper average number for a family, French colonial extension will merely be the weakening of France by scattering her stationary population over a wide area—or rather, the population will stay at home, and the "expansion of France" will merely mean the multiplying of officials and the waste of the best of the young soldiers in unprofitable warfare or unwholesome inaction. History repeats itself. Canada fell through sheer lack of men, and the war that lost it was caused by a vain attempt to bar the entrance to the West with a line of forts. Now the same system is in vogue in Africa, and we hear of a chain of posts, to extend from Senegal, through the Soudan, and over the Nile to Abyssinia, cutting across the Capetown-Cairo line understood to be contemplated by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. How magnificent—and how futile! An invading army with its flanks everywhere and its front nowhere!

So palpable is this to the clearer thinkers in France—and Frenchmen are usually logical, even in their follies—that it is improbable that any wide support would ever have been gained for the Colonial Party and its projects, but for the old traditional grudge against England. Almost every French extension of dominion or influence has been directly or indirectly due to the wish to forestall a supposed British design or to damage an existing British interest. It is no use to talk about the friendly sentiments of two great nations. The facts are there, and they speak for themselves. In Newfoundland, the French could not occupy the island to any practical profit, for they had plainly ceded the possession of it, and confirmed the cession in many treaties. But they had reserved certain rights of using the shore—rights which might have been exercised without hurt to the inhabitants. These rights have been extended by a system of jealous and encroaching chicanery, till they have shut out the people of a British colony from the use and enjoyment of part of their own land. And all this has brought no profit to the French themselves. Their cod-fishery is only kept up by bounties, to train their seamen. The exaggeration given to the rights over the "French Shore" can have but one aim, as it has but one result—annoyance.

Why was Siam despoiled? Partly because the officials and soldiers in Tonkin thought to disguise their failure by increasing their responsibilities, but chiefly because English influence was considerable in Siam, and the ceded districts might be used for shutting off Further India from the China inland trade. Why the great extension of French posts in Western Africa? Chiefly to cut off old British colonies from the inland. Madagascar was made a French anarchy because its civilisation, such as it was, came from British missionaries. Even now on the Niger, if a French explorer, or an enterprising "detrimental" of the Foreign Legion, has the choice between extending the influence of France over clearly unappropriated territory and encroaching on the British sphere of influence, he seems naturally to choose the latter course. It is perfectly true, as peaceable persons in both countries are continually reminding us, that there is plenty of room for French and English in Africa. If it were only a question of room, there need never be any French Africa at all. There is plenty of room for the French in France, and the room is likely to increase rather than diminish, for the progress of agriculture and commerce tends to make it constantly easier to support a stationary population. But it is probable that the traditional dog in the manger had not taken refuge there in consequence of the overcrowding of his kennel, nor from any desire to appease his hunger with hay.

And yet the great mass of the French knows little of these disputes, and cares less for them. Jacques Bonhomme does not mind paying a trifle now and then "pour embêter les Anglais," or in order to wash over a fresh strip of Africa on the map; but he will not pay more than a certain amount for the necessary paint, nor will he bait John Bull beyond the point of danger. A plain word, or even two, may be needed; but when these are given, Jacques will understand them, and will allow unpleasant young princes and quarrelsome young officers to expand France at the sole risk of their own subcutaneous cellular tissue.

MARMITON.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

A typical Australian steeplechaser is The Clown, a brown gelding, six years old, and standing 15·3 hands high. The property of Surgeon-Major T. J. R. Lueas, Army Medical Staff, Bangalore, he is by Fire-King, dam by Tregagle, an imported son of Wild Darryl (Derby winner). The



THE CLOWN.

Clown has won this year the Poona Grand National Steeplechase, weight 11 st., and at Bangalore Steeplechase Meeting, on Oct. 21 and 23, the Trades Purse and Puducotta Cup, carrying 12 st. 7 lb. in the latter.

I am very glad to hear that Mr. H. McCalmont does not intend to give up racing altogether. He means only to have a weeding-out sale of his useless animals. Even the Member for Newmarket has discovered that it costs just as much to keep a bad horse as it does a good one. Indeed, an Isinglass may not want as much corn as a Devil-May-Care. Dwellers in the Turf Metropolis are so sensitive on racing matters that I really believe, had Mr. McCalmont given up racing, he would have lost his seat in Parliament at the next election.

We shall be short of cross-country jockeys if many more meet with accidents. I have before suggested in these columns that the National Hunt Committee should start a form of insurance for the benefit of injured jockeys. A broken leg at the commencement of the jumping season often means the loss of hundreds of pounds to a first-class jockey, and I think provision should be made by the powers that be for all accidents. A real live accident assurance company would take the risk against all the professional riders for a specified sum, and the premiums might be deducted *pro rata* from the jockeys' earnings.

I believe some jealousy has arisen among the jockeys because Sloane has been allowed to select his mounts; but the American horseman is a free agent, and he can please himself whether he rides in a race or not. There is no denying the fact that Sloane is the length of a street in front of many of our jockeys, and he reminds me very much of the late Fred Archer in his style of finishing. Sloane never considers the race lost until the winning-post has been passed.

The Derby Cup, which was won on Friday by Mr. Fairie's Eager, is the work of Messrs. Elkington and Co., and consists of a silver centre-piece



THE DERBY CUP.

for the table, of Louis XV. design, the bowl being supported by two elegantly chased reclining female figures.

The Manchester Meeting will be a good wind-up to a busy season. The Lancaster Nursery will, as usual, bring out a big field, and the winner may take some finding. I like the chance of Pinfold in the Lancashire Handicap. Only four of the twenty-eight entered have paid forfeit, which is a big compliment to the gentleman who adjusted the weights. I think Royal Flush has a great chance, although on some of his form St. Fort could be made out a winner. The Eglinton Nursery will attract an immense field to the post, and, as this is a five-furlong sprint, the one getting well away is likely to be returned the winner. Cri de Guerre ought to run well, but for the winner I shall rely on Johnny Sands.

Unfortunately, the Manchester November Handicap has received poor patronage, but most of the acceptors are likely to go to the post. I am afraid the accidents that have taken place in this race in the past have prejudiced owners against it. For Saturday's outing Count Schomberg is sure to have a big following, as the horse is well and fit. The Rush may do better than he did at Liverpool, and St. Bris should be a better favourite than Labrador. If Nunsuch can stay the course, she ought to finish in the first flight, and Marco is expected to be there or thereabouts. I do not fancy Chin Chin or Wharfe, and I think Don Alonzo, Sambre, and Orange Lily will be outclassed. Ashburn may go close, but for the absolute winner I shall take Keenan, who has run well over the course.

CAPTAIN COE.

## THE ART OF SAVING LIFE.

By holding the final of this popular and useful competition at Glasgow, much good has been done to the cause advocated by the

Morton (1895-6).	Stickson (1895-7).	Savell (1895-7).	Wood (1896-7).	Greenland (1895-7).
---------------------	-----------------------	---------------------	-------------------	------------------------



THE WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION.  
Photo by Bartier, East India Road, E.

Life-Saving Society, whose aims and objects have attained a world-wide reputation, and, consequently, the methods advocated by this useful organisation are at present being taught in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, and throughout the United Kingdom. This national competition was started in 1892. The first winners of the National Shield were the members of the Nottingham Club, then came Ravensbourne, and next Birmingham. Since then the London and India Docks Swimming Club, which was started by the Hon. Sydney Holland, now acting president of the Society, have retained possession of the Shield; they have also won the Southern Counties Championship two years in succession, and a number of other prizes in open competitions. Framlingham College, Suffolk, is credited this season with 104 professors and scholars who have passed the tests imposed by the Society, Haileybury College being second with 87. The Scottish branch of the Life-Saving Society, recently formed, mean to make school instruction a chief feature, and to that end a special circular is to be sent to every educational institution in Scotland. At home a like effort is to be made, and those who desire information regarding this useful work may obtain same on application to the Hon. Sec. at the office of the Society, 8, Bayley Street, London, W.C.

PRESENTATION TO SIR SPENCER  
PONSONBY-FANE, G.C.B.

An act of courtesy offered to a courtier! This is a very fair summary of the scene that took place on the stage of the Criterion Theatre last week. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane has been connected with the Lord Chamberlain's Department, and in that capacity has been virtually, for over forty years, what was called in the old days "the Master of the Revels." That office has never been disassociated from the office of the Lord Chamberlain from the earliest days of the history of the stage, and, in all the discussions that have arisen from time to time in the Victorian era about the censure, it should never be forgotten that the Examiner of Stage Plays, be he a George Colman, or a Bodham Donne, or a Pigott, or a Redford, is, in an official sense, subordinate to the head of his office, who for forty years has been Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane. The rule of this amiable gentleman has been so gentle, the friction between himself and the London managers has been so slight, his courtesy has been so pronounced, and his tact has been so remarkable, that the happy thought occurred to the managers of London theatres to mark the golden wedding of Sir Spencer and Lady Ponsonby-Fane with gifts which were the outcome of generous and grateful hearts. The subject, once started, was soon carried out. Every head of a London theatre desired to record the very important fact that the rule of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, as representing her Majesty the Queen, had been from first to last as she would have wished it to be—kindly, appreciative, and graceful. So when Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane had completed fifty years of married life, it was determined to mark this occasion by a present personal to himself and also the faithful partner who, as in the cases of the consorts of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and recently Lord Esher, has been singled out as a type of English womanhood and affectionate regard. It was a charming ceremony, arranged with discretion, and carried out with perfect taste. In the art of speech and the delivery of charmed utterances no better selection could have been made than Charles Wyndham and Sir Squire Bancroft. Mr. Charles Wyndham spoke the few words he had to say with the air of a Charles Surface, and, in the presentation of a very special gift of a diamond true-lovers' knot to Lady Ponsonby-Fane, Sir Squire Bancroft reminded everyone that even the gay and mercurial Charles was not to be outdone by "Charles's Friend," the warm-hearted Sir Oliver. It was a delightful gathering of managers and manageresses past and present, of critics old and young who have followed the fortunes of the stage. In the absence of Mr. Morris Abrahams, who was the director of the Effingham Saloon in 1857, Mrs. Sara Lane was the *doyen* of the managers who attended the meeting. Next to her in seniority must have been Sir Squire Bancroft.

But many old playgoers in the room must have noted the difference in the order of dramatic things now as opposed to what occurred in 1832 in connection with the Lord Chamberlain's Department, of which Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane is now the Comptroller of Accounts. In 1832 the House of Commons ordered a Committee of the House to inquire into dramatic literature. Mr. Edward Bulwer-Lytton was in the chair, and the witty Tom Duncombe, afterwards M.P. for Finsbury, a wit and a playgoer, determined to "heckle" George Colman, the author of "John Bull," who was then the Examiner of Stage Plays. Tom Duncombe wanted to know if he would exclude the word "angel" from a stage play, putting the case of a passionate young man calling his adored one "an angel." George Colman owned that he would sacrifice the "angel," as it had a celestial import. Asked what he would do with "Damme" in an old comedy, Colman, with great gravity, replied that he would cut "Damme" out, as impious and as opposed to a statute passed to prevent swearing. "But did you not write 'John Bull,'" chuckled Tom Duncombe, "which is full of swearing from end to end?" George Colman owned up, and this was his artful answer on the subject of "swear-words": "If I had been the Examiner when 'John Bull' was written, I should have scratched out 'Damme' or any oaths, and would do so now. I was in a different position at that time. *I was a careless, immoral dramatic author. I am now the Examiner of Plays. I did my business as an author of that time as I do my business as an Examiner now!*" But Tom Duncombe was not to be beaten with the converted dramatist in the chair.

"There was a play of Charles I: you refused to license?"

"Yes."

"Why did you refuse to license that?"

"Because it amounted to everything but cutting off the King's head on the stage."

"So does 'Julius Caesar.'"

"Yes, but not in that way."

Tom Duncombe, who was a very liberal politician, pressed the Examiner home on the subject of the word "reform."

"In the exercise of your Censorship at the present moment, if the word 'reform' should occur, would you strike it out?"

"No; I should say, 'I think you had better omit it. I advise you to do so for your own sakes, or you will have a hubbub!'"

And so the Examinership of Stage Plays passed from George Colman to William Bodham Donne, whose household is described as the Examiner sitting at his desk engaged on other work, and his family reclining on the floor, wading through stacks of plays ready for licence. "Oh, pa," shrieks one member of the family, "here is 'God' again! 'God bless you!'" "Strike out 'God,' my dear, and substitute 'Heaven'"; and so the Examiner toiled on, and the family read on for "literals."

Both the opponents and the supporters of a censor of stage literature must agree that few men living have done more to reconcile the old school of prejudice with the new school of advance than Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane. He has done it gracefully, tactfully, harmlessly, and no one who heard him, not without deep emotion, refer to his old comrades and the gentle lady who has been at his side for fifty years, could have doubted that the stage cannot suffer but must gain in influence by the sympathetic attitude of such a lover of manly sports, such an amateur actor in the best days of the Old Stagers of Canterbury, and such a courtier as Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

MR. FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK.

Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, whose very clever performance as Katzenjammer, the self-satisfied 'cellist in "Never Again," has called for such great comment both at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and at the Vaudeville, is an artist to his fingertips, finished and versatile, with a personality that at once gets over the footlights and attracts his audience not to vulgarguffaws, but to quiet, keen enjoyment of a conscious and intelligent study. The remarks one hears when coming out of the Vaudeville show what his influence is in the piece, and that he interests the public spectator. Some declare, "He must be old, and a German," or if not, "a New York German, for the accent must be a natural

one." Mr. Gottschalk is neither, but a good citizen of our own Metropolis, belonging to one of the artistic families that have made St. John's Wood the delight it now is to us. His father, though a well-known City man, was artistic, and encouraged his son in art instincts. At seven the boy's only toy was a model theatre and his sole répertoire "The Corsican Brothers," but later on his grandmother's "four-poster" did yeoman service as a stage and the wildest scenes from "The Arabian Nights" were enacted thereon. Mr. Gottschalk was educated at London College, Isleworth, and on leaving entered his father's business, but later on accepted a post in Lyons in order to learn French, remaining there and in Paris for four years, during the whole of which time he was a constant theatre-goer, his desire to act growing with each visit. On his return to London he started the Hampstead Dramatic Society, with which he played many parts. Then he was seen by Miss Rosina Vokes, who offered him an engagement with her company, and within ten days he had deserted his desk, packed his portmanteau, and was on the briny *en route* to the States, remaining with

her until her farewell in 1893. Early in 1894 he joined Mr. Frohman's company. That engagement was almost an accident, for he called merely to leave his address in case that manager should "need an addition to his company." The production of "The Amazons" was pending, and Mr. Frohman at once saw his Tweenways in the young actor before him, and ten minutes later a two years' contract had been signed, which has since been renewed. In America Mr. Gottschalk is said to

have the "characteristic humility of disposition that marks Englishmen," a trait which should rather be called the modesty of a true artist, devoted to his calling, and to whom faithful portrayal and an intense desire for truth is before all things. He is a playwright and a composer, and has also dabbled in literary work, but, knowing his own limitations, he says he "shall never play Hamlet."



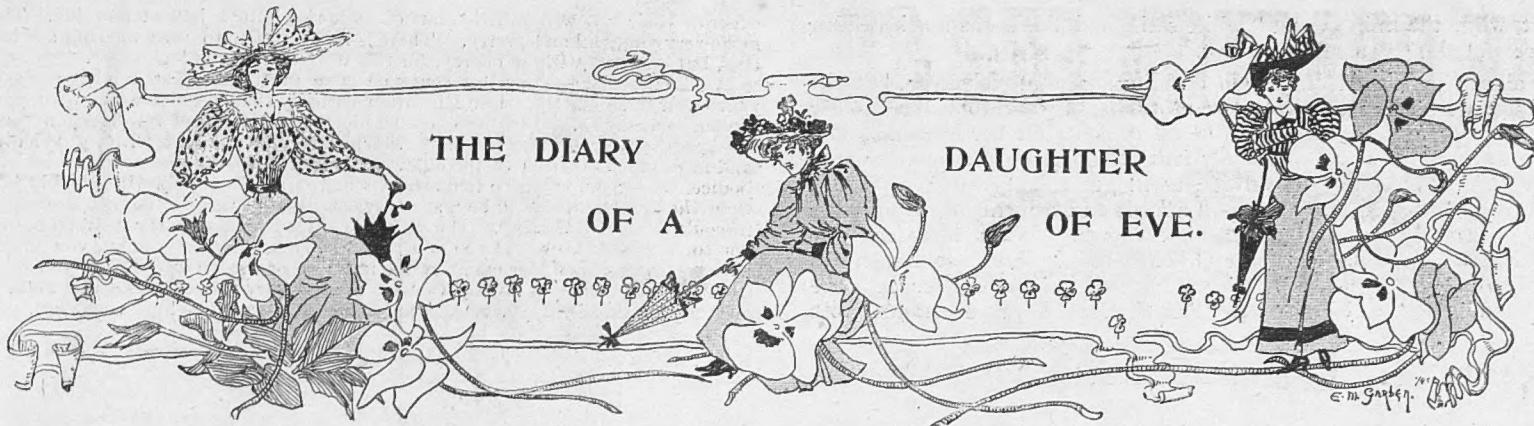
MR. GOTTSCHALK.

*Photo by Gehrig and Windeatt, Chicago*



MR. GOTTSCHALK AS EDDIE REMON.

*Photo by Marceau, San Francisco*



*Monday.*—I am feeling quite peevish—the authorities have seen fit to take up the road in front of the house and to spread it over with hideous stones, and an abomination in the shape of a steam-roller goes steadily thumping its cumbersome way up and down, and down and up, from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night, while in the intervals a watchman, who is in charge of the Vestry's tools and dwells beneath a canvas tent, chats gaily to his companions, who appear to be of the sleepless order, the moment I close my eyes. I feel tempted to put my head out of the window and, in the words of other days, to call, "Watchman, what of my night?" I don't believe he would care much; he has an unsympathetic face, and spends his daytime cooking evil-looking food in a black tub. Julia has been imploring me to bear it a little longer; she is so frightened I shall go and stay with her. As a guest, I am rather dreaded. My costumes occupy the wardrobe of my own room and all the other wardrobes in the house wherever I may be, and I have—so I have been told by my deprecators—a faculty for making myself "quite at home" which is not entirely admirable. However, I know things which are entirely admirable, and these are some frocks I saw to-day at John Simmons', 35, Haymarket.

One of them had a skirt of a French plaid material, crossed with raised black beaver stripes made up on the bias, and to be worn with a little jacket of black velvet with revers of green velvet hemmed with broadtail, and the waistcoat was of broadtail. The other gown, which I met in its company, was for evening wear—and Simmons' make their evening-dresses very well, I pause to reflect. This was of black net with a black chenille spot upon it, and the skirt was trimmed with rows of black lace insertion set transparently, and the bodice was quite simple, crossed over the bust, outlined with some very superior jet overhanging a belt of jet. It was not expensive, and was quite charming, and fit for a young girl, or an old one for that matter, always supposing that her proportions were sufficiently slim to admit becomingly of a belted bodice.

*Wednesday.*—In the management of her household Julia is always supremely funny, and most funny, I think, when she tries to be supreme. She has not the least idea how to manage anything or anybody, and imagines that she has arrived at the highest point of dignity when she has stood for two minutes at the door of her kitchen early in the morning and asked her cook whether she has everything she wants, and received the invariable answer "No, Madame." Did ever cook have a soul sufficiently above the blandishments of the grocer to declare that her store-cupboard was complete? Julia's cook has a passion for the Maggi preparations, and those foundation sauces invented by Professor Driesens. She is a very well-educated person, and has even been known

to attend lectures on the uses of these condiments, a privilege accorded to anyone who demands the courtesy from Messrs. Cosenza, of 95, Wigmore Street. I know Julia's cook arrives at her excellent soups and gravies through the medium of these Maggi preparations, so I forgive her affection for them. It is a cosmopolitan household,

Julia's. She has a Swedish cook, a French nurse, an English under-nurse, and a German governess. It has its advantages, for I positively believe her children can scream in every language. They were all doing it while I was there to-day, and baby looks so plain, too, with her mouth open; when she grows a little older I must seriously speak to her about the advantages of silence. She had on a new pelisse about whose charms there was no doubt, made of a thick cream-coloured box-cloth. It is in coat shape, with a large collar of Thibet. The little boy looked very nice, too, in a tunic-shaped suit, fastening down one side over very short knickerbockers. He is a dear little thing, and has just arrived at the true significance of the words "I want," and he "wants" from morning till night, usually something to eat and drink.

I tore Julia away from her maternal joys and the responsibilities of her enormous household, and took her out shopping.

She needs an evening-cloak; she has exhausted her requirements for mantles for day wear, and she feels she has only two desires in life—so she told me to-day. One is for a motor-car of her very own—what an absurd expression "very own" is!—and the other is for a new theatre-wrap. Both of them are very difficult to obtain, so I am told, the Motor-Car Company not having a supply equal to the demand. It is rather a joyful state of affairs to be able to order a carriage of which the horses will never tire, for the feelings of the most exacting of coachmen can easily be appeased by the coin of the land well and frequently administered.

We found a beautiful cloak at Jay's, made of very light drab velveteen, gathered into the waist beneath many cordings, and flounced round the hem. It was lined with soft Liberty satin, and had a yoke and high collar of chinchilla, while cream-coloured lace and chiffon meandered their way softly down the fronts. It is very easy to adjust, in this proving its superiority to the other model which we loved, made of ivory brocade, with a pattern so raised upon it that it had almost the effect of velvet. This is in paletot shape, trimmed with pink and black and white pearls, with a touch of smoked fox round the collar. It is lined with pink chiffon, and bears at the neck a scarf of pink chiffon falling below the waist. There was a wonderful chinchilla cape at Jay's too, edged with an elaborate frilling, much tucked and gathered, of grey chiffon. And another cape of most fascinating detail was half made of white velvet and half of black velvet, the two being joined with a tracery



DRESS OF CHENILLE-SPOTTED NET FROM JOHN SIMMONS AND SON.

[Copyright.]

of jet, while the lining was of white satin, and there was much ruffling of lace and chiffon round the throat.

I almost persuaded Julia into deciding on that velveteen, but she could not desert her usual practice of taking a week to make up her mind on any question of dress, while she consults all her husband's and all her own relations, and ultimately falls back on the admirable counsel of Virginia. She thinks the velveteen will get soiled easily; so it will, that is one of its greatest charms—it affords an excellent opportunity for further extravagance in the immediate future. What more can any woman with a large income desire of her clothes? Jay's are industrious people; they are responsible, I hear, for some of the dresses in "The Vagabond King," among them for Ellis Jeffreys' gown of orange cloth,

decorate their hair with a little scarf of tulle tied into a bow at one side. This looks very youthful and pretty. There is no objection to your wearing a velvet bow, but dispense with an osprey, for this would make you look older.

**AN EVANGELIST.**—Your last sentence is so gratifying that I must reply to your letter immediately, while I mention casually that I quite agree with you, but dare not say so. Why not choose a picturesque dress of velveteen, in some pale green or blue or mauve shade, whichever suits you best, with tight sleeves and long-graduated frills at the elbows, and a fichu folded downwards over the bodice. This fichu could be tied straight across at the top, and need only just show the throat, and should be made of ivory silk muslin, with the frills hemmed; it would be most becoming. The Princess style would suit the velveteen, and you too, I should think. If you don't like the suggestion of a fichu, you might have an old-fashioned lace collar with hanging lappets. In any case, if you want the dress to be nice, you must get out of the ordinary rut of fashion and make it picturesque; that is, if you require an attractive dress to be high and plain.



LACE AND SABLE GOWN AT JAY'S.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS' ORANGE CLOTH GOWN.

with jet-embroidered sleeves, a big black velvet bow in the front, and a bunch of chrysanthemums falling to the hem.

#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

**LOUISE.**—I am afraid I am going to make you very unhappy when I tell you I do not admire either of your materials. The proper stuff to use is a dress-net with a chenille spot on it. This you can get from Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, and it looks particularly well when striped with fine lace insertion, either white or black. Personally I should use it with the former, and make the bodice to match the skirt. The lace should be put on roundwards, not down the figure, and the piece on the bodice could be applied in V-shape, going down to a point in the waist, while the pouch and back and sleeves should be made of the black net with chenille. I wonder if you understand my description, I hope you do.

**PRIMROSE.**—Nothing really satisfactory has been arrived at with regard to that discovery. I will write you directly I hear of a complete success. Electrolysis is, up to date, the only satisfactory process.

**SILVER MIST.**—I have only seen in Paris the Louis Seize bows made in velvet. At the present moment they have not yet arrived in London. I have met them, however, in steel in London, at Esmé's, 5, Brook Street. Young girls constantly

**CASSIE.**—I have seen some lovely fancy-work this week, strange to say, made on lisse, embroidered with a silken stitch in the daintiest bouquets of flowers, and lined and frilled with pongee. It makes veil-sachets and handkerchief-sachets, and it is only to be secured, so far as I know, from Rica Marcus, Priory Mansions, Priory Park Road, N.W. I heard from another source of a clever notion for covering a smoking-room sofa-cushion. This is made entirely of the yellow ribbon bands which tie cigars together. If you write to Miss Marcus about the sachets, she will, no doubt, come and see you and bring you some of these novelties.

**BLUE CHINA.**—Crape is still generally worn for mourning. You cannot get away from the fact that the ordinary black dress does not imply the garb of grief. I always advise the use of Courtauld's crape because it is the best and wears exceedingly well. You need not have too much of it, but just a couple of hem on the skirt and a little on the sleeves. Thanks for your letter.

**GENISTA.**—I am glad to hear from you again. My favourite hairdressers are Dubosc and Gillingham, 285, Regent Street, and I promise you they won't supply you with any useless nostrums. They have a wonderful arrangement for concealing bald temples; a little curl invisibly inserted—this is called the Regent Palm—and I, even I, cannot detect their wear; try them. Chinchilla I should choose in preference to ermine. It is dearer, but it is more becoming, and ermine is getting too popular to be altogether attractive in my eyes. The International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, have some beautiful chinchilla.

VIRGINIA.

## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Dec. 13.*

## MONEY.

The movements disclosed by the Bank Return last week were not such as to disturb the present easy condition of the Money Market, although in some quarters it is now thought that we will presently find a stiffening of rates set in. The Return showed that the Market had increased its deposits by £632,000, while "Other" securities were £156,000 higher. There was a decrease in the note circulation of £168,000, while, on the other hand, coin and bullion increased by £404,000, thus adding £572,000 to the Reserve. The ratio to liabilities is fractionally higher at 48 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.

## HOME RAILS.

If only that interminable engineering dispute could be settled, we should see very promptly an upward movement in Home Rails. Traffics are good, and the tone of the market is hopeful. Improved dividends are expected, but not even the boldest operator cares to take the initiative while this wretched squabble is in progress. Now and again somebody plucks up courage and takes a particular stock in hand. Brighton "A," for instance, was pushed up a bit last week on talk about schemes of widening the line and effecting other improvements, but nobody seemed to attach much importance to the matter. On Scotch Railway stocks particularly the engineering lock-out is having a prejudicial effect. There can be no doubt whatever as to the forthcoming dividends showing improvements almost everywhere, when we find such increases recorded for the twenty weeks as £83,604 on the Great Eastern, £61,366 on the Great Northern, £164,940 on the Great Western, £41,070 on the Brighton, £120,169 on the North-Western, £78,854 on the South-Western, £105,082 on the Midland, £125,627 on the North-Eastern, and £51,228 on the South-Eastern. The results on the Scotch lines are not so remarkable, but, considering the special difficulties under which they are working, it is not a bad record for fifteen weeks to achieve increases of £14,444 for the Caledonian and £31,646 for the North-British.

The following letter has reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent—

## THE REITFONTEIN COMPANIES.

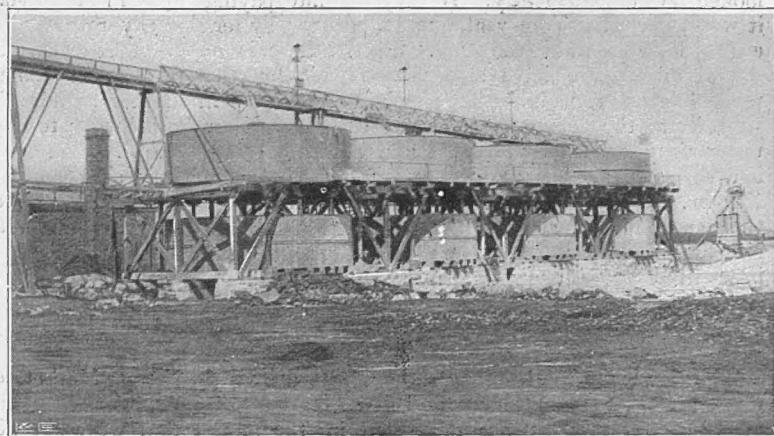
There are two well-known gold-mines bearing this name—the Reitfontein "A," Limited, and the New Reitfontein Estate Gold-Mines, Limited. The former is a subsidiary of the latter, having taken over the eastern mynpacht as well as the property of the defunct Reitfontein Deep and some additional claims. Both companies work the same reef, known as the Du Preez or Reitfontein, running parallel to the Main Reef series, about a mile and a-half to the north. The characteristics of this reef are different from those of any other known in South Africa. The reef consists of a quartzite bar, through which, in many places, a line of "banket runs," this line, though a mere seam, being often of an extremely valuable nature, carrying very coarse gold.

The property of the Reitfontein "A," which is situated about nine miles north-east of Johannesburg, was floated off the parent company about two years ago, since which time the mine has been thoroughly opened up. Two new incline shafts have been put down, the west shaft being down nearly 900 feet, and the east shaft close upon 700 feet. An old shaft is also in use. This company has a very large extent of ground, measuring 4193 feet on the strike of the reef, and 4200 feet on the dip from the outcrop. There are really three reefs in the series, but attention is devoted to the middle reef, which is the only one payable, so far as is known, under present conditions, and which is extremely rich wherever it has been opened up. The ore bodies on the Reitfontein properties are seriously faulted, and this represents the one great drawback.

Till recently one manager after another had given up in despair the task of discovering any continuous stretch of regular reef, but the present manager (Captain Sauer) has established a theory of his own to account for the faulting, and has put into practice a new plan for picking up the broken reef and working the mine in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The faultings are generally up-throws. As a result of the fuller knowledge now obtained with regard to the

reason to doubt that this can be kept up with the ore presently in sight, and indeed, so long as the rich reef can be successfully followed up, as is the case at present. It was from this same part of the mine that the marvellous results were obtained under Dunning in 1893, when the shares of the Reitfontein Estate went to a very tall figure. If Captain Sauer's theory regarding the faulting stands the test of time, then there is no reason to apprehend the abrupt "loss of the reef" which, in Dunning's time, was responsible for the loss of something else to many Home shareholders.

The company started crushing with a very small debt, so that profits will soon be available for dividends. These should be somewhere about 35 per cent.



CYANIDE VATS, REITFONTEIN "A" MINE.

*Photo by J. Barnett, Johannesburg.*

per annum—even more in the happy future when the Boer has made further economies possible. Both Reitfontein properties are controlled by the financial house of Barnato, and this is tantamount to saying that every economy within the power of the companies themselves has been rigidly enforced. Shareholders can see for themselves that mines like the Reitfonteins can never possibly be worked as cheaply as the New Primrose and Glencairn, for example, but every Barnato property is, at any rate, worked as cheaply as it possibly can be under the existing condition of things. Let the Boer Government improve the mining status and a further reduction in costs will be possible.

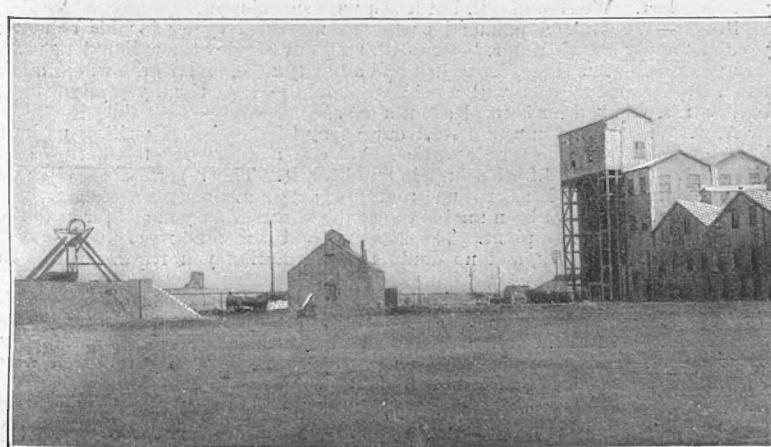
In connection with the Reitfontein "A," a point may be noted of interest to the Home investor. This is only one of a number of Rand mines which will shortly either enter the dividend stage for the first time or pay increased dividends. The published statements of monthly profits indicate fully a dozen mines which will come within the one category or the other in the immediate future. This year's dividend disbursements, as a whole, will be the best on record, and the fact should not be lost sight of. Some excellent dividends about the close of the year may help to make the Kaffir Market a little livelier.

The New Reitfontein Estate Gold-Mines, Limited, owns a large block of claims, and the same reefs are found as on the adjoining Reitfontein "A." It is now a good many years since work was first started by the Du Preez Company. Milling was suspended at the mine a year ago, to enable a large plan of development to be carried out, and also to admit of improvements being effected to the plant, which was somewhat antiquated. There seems to be no reason why excellent returns should not be forthcoming from this mine also, as its past history shows it to be of very nearly an equal value to the Reitfontein "A." Moreover, the experience gained in working the latter mine should be of much service. The company has a large holding in mining claims and estate ground, and the contour of the country is well adapted for the erection of an economical plant. At present the equipment consists of a 50-stamp mill, which is of a very light pattern, while the cyanide plant, which was erected in the early days, is far from being an economical one. It is intended to open up the mine thoroughly and restart crushing as soon as possible with a more efficient plant than the old one. Good results are likely then to be obtained.

We give a couple of illustrations, one a general view of the Reitfontein "A," and the other showing the latest arrangement for the double treatment of tailings.

## MILWAUKEES.

The American Market is a most irritating one at present. If the Yankees could only make up their own minds to a settled policy on currency and tariffs, and a few other things, we might be able to get on. Their financial big-wigs know perfectly well what ought to be done, but even the almighty dollar seems to be ineffective against the faddists like Mr. Bryan, Mr. McKinley, and the others too numerous to mention; but interest in the American Market is undoubtedly beginning to revive, and it may be of interest to briefly review the history and present position of some of the lines whose shares are best known on the London Market. We shall begin with the Milwaukee, which, with one or two others, gives the tone to our market. The company was organised, under a different name, in 1863, and took its present name in 1874. As shown by its last report, the miles operated amounted to 6154. The dividends on the Preferred Stock have been regularly paid, but on the Common Stock they vary in the erratic way which makes Milwaukees such a favourite gambling counter when there is any active interest in Americans. There was nothing paid for 1890 or 1891. In 1892 the rate was 2 per cent.; for 1893 and 1894 4 per cent. was paid each year; for 1895 the dividend fell to 2 per cent., in 1896 recovered to 4 per cent., and, on account of 1897, 5 per cent. was paid—2 per cent. in April and 3 per cent. in October. The total bonded debt authorised, and the bulk of it issued, is 150,000,000 dollars. In addition to this, there is about 31,000,000 dollars of Preferred Stock, and 46,000,000 dollars of Common Stock. The annual charges on the debt alone amount to seven and a-half million dollars. During this year the price of the shares has been as high as 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and as low as 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ . At the present price there is a considerable margin to make up before the highest price of the year is again attained. In interest and dividends, the Milwaukee Company distributes annually the equivalent of sterling money something like £2,400,000.



REITFONTEIN "A" MINE.

*Photo by J. Barnett, Johannesburg.*

mine, it is known that the extent of barren ground is considerably less than was formerly reckoned upon, at the time, for example, when the new company took over the property.

There are 100,000 tons of ore developed, equal to fourteen or fifteen months' supply for the new 50-stamp mill, which began to crush about the middle of July. Reckoning on a stoping width of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet, the average value of this ore is about 12 dwt. per ton. The return since the battery started has been slightly better than this, and the profits have been over £10,000 per month. There is no

## THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

When are we going to see the promised revival? At the time of writing, South African things are fairly firm, which is the Stock Exchange way of saying that nothing very special has gone wrong. It is, however, satisfactory to find that the market took with equanimity the notice that the famous Bulawayo Railway had suffered from "washaways," the traffic was suspended until further notice, and that the Governor of Natal and his party had consequently got lost *en route*. But as to this the market feeling is that Rhodesian and Transvaal affairs are to be looked at independently. If they do find paying gold in Rhodesia, it won't harm the Transvaal, except, perhaps, by temporarily raising the cost of labour; and if they don't find it, there is no harm done at all. At all events, we have still got to wait for that Rhodesian boom, possessing ourselves in patience as best we may. In another paragraph we refer to the prevention of interest in American Rails owing to the uncertainty caused by political and currency complications. Just now it is the same almost everywhere. The mulish obstinacy of President Kruger, the effrontery of the Sultan of Turkey, the bumptiousness of the German Emperor, are all factors which are keeping down prices and retarding industry. As regards the Transvaal in particular, what we hear from well-informed sources is that the general situation is not improving, and that the Uitlanders are getting discouraged.

## THE NITRATE POSITION.

Although the life has long since departed from the Nitrate Market, so many investors (including, as we know from our Correspondence column, many of our readers) are interested in the matter that we make no apology for referring to it.

To put the position in a nut-shell, things could hardly be more unsatisfactory from the producing companies' point of view. Prices are very low, the stocks of nitrate in Chili are larger than any possible demand is likely to require, the combination for the restriction of the output is at an end, and it is clearly a case of unrestricted competition and the survival of the fittest. The cynic will probably say this is as it should be, and we should join in the sentiment, if it were not that our readers' capital is probably invested in nine cases out of ten in the unfittest.

The only crumb of comfort appears to be that transport is far below the demand, and that this lack of carrying capacity may prevent the overfilling of the market to a deadly extent. As to inducing the Chilian Government to take off part of the duty, it is probably like crying for the moon, and, as the reduction would be an all-round one, the consumer, and not the producer, would get the whole advantage when there is so much more to sell than the ordinary demand is likely to require.

To mince matters would be folly, and the downright bottom truth is that the English companies, even the best of them, with their absurd capitals and heavy London expenses, cannot live at the same price as the private firms and native producers, who have good officinas, and hope merely to earn respectable interest upon the actual money invested in the business. At 4s. 9d. a quintal f.o.b. on the coast, the Chilian can perhaps live, but dividends cannot be paid on the thrice-watered capital of the bulk of the English companies, and at present we see no indication of any alteration in this state of affairs.

## THE DUNLOP TYRE COMPANY.

The passing of the interim dividend by this company has created well-nigh a panic among the holders of all classes of shares. It is, indeed, rather a strong order not even to pay the half-yearly interest upon the preference capital, and the fatuous circular which the secretary has been instructed to send out is not likely to allay the anxiety. As to the circular, it is worthy of Mr. Gladstone's best Parliamentary manner, and was clearly constructed not to instruct the shareholders, but to prove the truism that language was given us to conceal our thoughts. We happen to know what it means, and what the directors have done, but, as the information came to us in a private and confidential manner, we are prevented from making it public, and can only say that something was offered to the Board cheap—very cheap, and they thought the opportunity too good to be lost; so the cash which ought to have gone in payment of dividends is locked up for the time being.

The concern is over-capitalised; we doubt if even the present price of the shares represents the true value of the patents and their earning capacity; but the fact that the dividend has been passed for the half-year makes the matter no worse—indeed, from what we know, rather better.

The French Dunlop Company is about to pay a dividend of 5 per cent., which will be cheering news for the shareholders.

## THE AUSTRALIAN PROSPECTING COMPANY.

Some fortnight ago, we alluded to the 5s. shares of this concern as a reasonable gamble at the current price of about 7s. each, and since then the report has reached us. It appears that 10 per cent. has already been paid, and that shares in various mining companies have been disposed of which will enable a further cash distribution to be made. The working expenses are absurdly low, £200 only being paid for directors' fees, and £100 a year for secretary, rent, and suchlike sundries. It really looks an honest and economically managed little concern.

## A BATCH OF NEWSPAPER REPORTS.

Investors in newspaper properties since the days when C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, was so eagerly subscribed, have had no cause to complain, as all along the line increased profits and well-maintained circulations have been the order of the day. There is no safer or

more reliable property than a well-established newspaper, a truth very well expressed in a remark which a very large newspaper proprietor made to us a few months ago. "It is very difficult," he said, "to make a new paper, but, upon my honour, I think it is harder to kill one that is once made." The public has not yet fully realised this; but by degrees, no doubt, it will come to do so, and we shall not then see the preference shares of solid newspapers yielding 5 or 5½ per cent. to the investor. The Pearson report showed a net £40,000 of income against £13,750 required to pay the 5½ preference dividend. The *Lady's Pictorial* report showed a net £26,000 against £8750 required for the 5 per cent. preference dividend. Harmsworth Brothers' report showed profits of £178,000 for the year ending Oct. 31 last, against only £25,000 required to pay the preference dividend, and, finally, we have the *Evening News* report with profits at the rate of over £26,000 a-year, and the modest sum of £7500 only wanted to satisfy the preference interest. Yet it is possible to split up £4000 equally between these concerns and get a return of over 5 per cent. on the money invested. How little there is to be said against these newspaper balance-sheets may be gathered from the attempted criticism of an evening paper, which can find nothing better to cavil about than that £21,000 is owed to the *Lady's Pictorial* and the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* by sundry debtors—which, of course, means advertisers. Considering that the amount of advertisements in one of these journals alone averages about £1000 a-week, we are astonished at the smallness of the sum, and the extremely short credit which is evidently given. The stability of a well-established newspaper is at least equal to that of a brewery, a hotel, or a drapery store, and considerably more than that of a paper-making business or a patent composing-machine, and yet the shares can be bought at least 25 per cent. cheaper than those of far inferior industrial concerns.

## QUEENSLAND NATIONAL BANK.

A most damaging report is that which has been drawn up by the committee appointed to inquire into the business of this bank and its past management. The opinion is expressed that the bulk of the losses was due to incautious trading and the spirit of optimism which seemed to pervade the bank regarding the immediate future of the colony. A glance down the cabled summary of the report proves that this expression of opinion totally fails to convey any adequate idea of the disastrous effects which the past management had brought about. What else could have been expected when it transpired that the bank lost £46,000 through the account of its late general manager, and stands to lose anything up to a quarter of a million pounds directly or indirectly through transactions of an ex-Premier of Queensland? A "spirit of optimism" seems a mild phrase to apply to banking administration of this kind.

Saturday, Nov. 20, 1897.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Glasgow.—We have handed the papers to the solicitor, who will make a few inquiries and write you.

W. C.—If you will read our issue of Nov. 10, you will see a pretty full account of this mine, to which we can add nothing. It comes direct from our Johannesburg correspondent, and may be relied upon.

F. W. F.—The price of the bonds on Sept. 1 was in sterling £4 15s. 6d., and on Oct. 1 the same. No higher price has been touched.

F. G.—(1) We don't love brewery debentures, and certainly not those of second-rate concerns such as you name. As long as public-house property keeps its present price, the debentures are amply covered, but the class of thing is not attractive. We would far rather hold the best American Railway bonds, or even Canadian Pacific 4 per cent. pref. stock. (2) These are certainly speculative.

N. B.—See this week's Notes. We should not sell in a panic, but, if you want a quiet life, you must not hold this kind of thing.

HOTEL SHARES.—From what we hear, the hotel is not likely to do better this year than last. We should sell, but it is a pure speculation.

RIDER.—We don't recommend particular makes of cycles in this column; you must apply elsewhere, or, better still, read our Stanley Show Supplement.

LIVERPOOL.—The shares have just had a big tumble, and if the whole affair was not a close corporation with a pool, we should perhaps think you might buy; but, as it is, you had far better leave it alone.

A. J. W.—(1) If you would read our current Notes before writing us long letters it would be better for all parties. We can add nothing to what we said last week. (2) You had far better grin and bear it. The report you enclose we had, of course, read. It affords no ground for action against the directors.

GRINDER.—We have been unable to get the information you ask for as to the starting of the crushing plant. The accounts and directors' report will be sent out, it is said, next week, and no doubt the information you require will be in the report.

EDINBURGH.—(1) See our remarks in last issue on the Singer balance-sheet. We think the preference interest is safe enough. (2) A very fair second-class investment. (3) Not the sort of thing we care to recommend. We would rather buy the pref. shares of either of the newspaper companies mentioned in this week's Notes than either Nos. 2 or 3.

CYGNET.—(1) The shares have been dull because of the threatened opposition of the Monotype more than for any other reason. The patents are valued too highly to please us in the balance-sheet. (2) We should not advise the change. The cycle shares ought to improve in value.

The Edison and Swan Company are about to place on the market a new lamp. The chief feature of the new lamp is that it is capable of being run at a very high efficiency. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, tending as it does towards that most desirable state of things when, in fulfilment of Mr. Preece's prophecy, the electric light will be "the poor man's light." On circuits when the pressure is steady an economy of at least 25 per cent. can be effected by the use of the new "Ediswan Lamp."